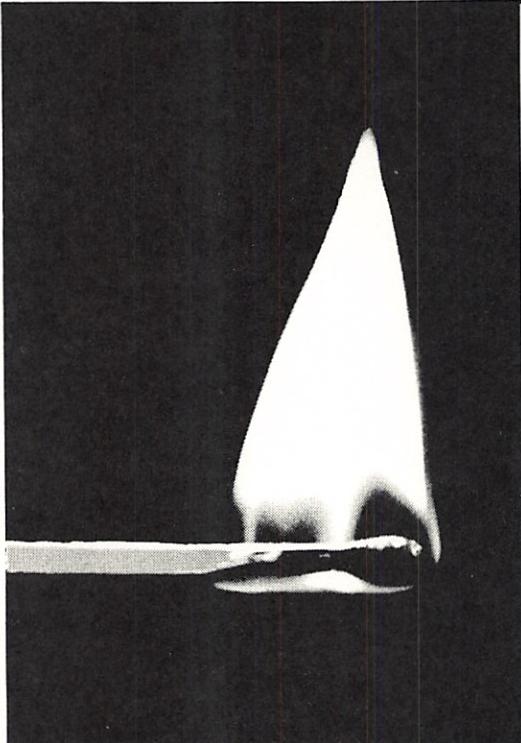


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BitterSweet

February, 1980 The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region Vol. III, No. 4





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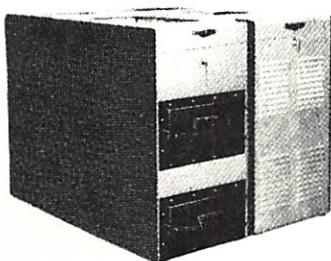
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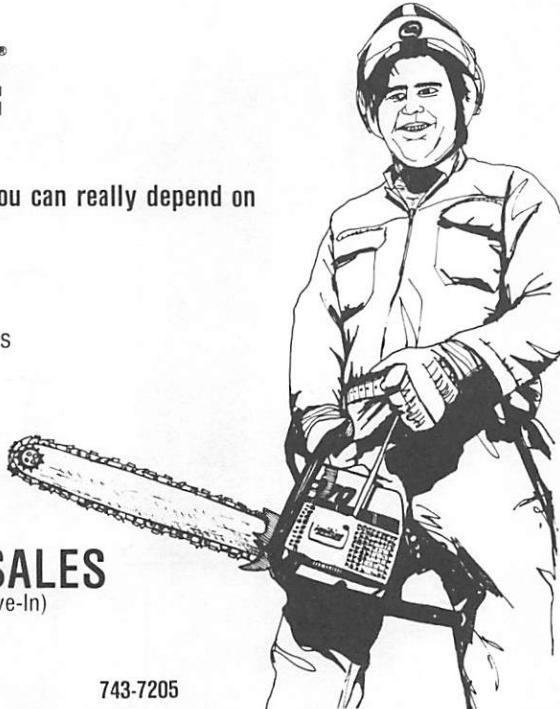
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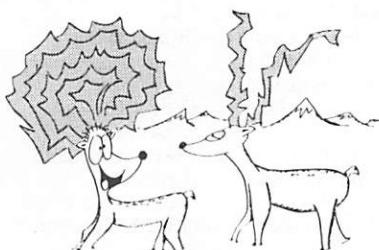
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Half your wood and half your hay you should have by Candlemas Day

BitterSweet Notes: A Southern Gentleman	
by Jack Barnes	3
BitterSweet Views: Apologies	4
Zilpha Anne Plummer	
by Ronald G. Whitney	5
Heading Out: Maine's Conservation Camp	
by Nancy Marcotte	8
You Don't Say	10, 37
Goings On / The Maine Potatoes	11
Winter's Tales	
Doris Thurston	12
Barbara Payne	14
Alice Parks	15
Peddler Page / Brainteaser	16
Ayah	18
Can You Place It?	20
Medicine For The Hills	22
Making Maple Syrup: A Photo Essay	
by Tom Stockwell	24

Illustrations:
Mary Wallman, 10, 33, 36;
Britt Wolfe, 11;
Alison Kenway, 14;
Paula Hutchinson, 17;
Jon Burnham, 31.

Cover: An Old-Fashioned Valentine by Hutchinson Bros. (The children are Phil Dyer, son of Cindy & Mike Norton of Norway, and Tracy Marcotte, daughter of Tom Marcotte of Strong and Nancy Marcotte of Norway. Both are students at the Guy E. Rowe School)

Cityside by Sally Clay	26
Thinking of Country Things: Wood	
by John Meader	29
Home Comfort: A Love Story for	
Valentine's Day by James Swan	32
Books	37
HOMEMADE: From The Heart of Finland	38
Jay's Journal: Snowy February?	
by Jay Burns	40
The Home Front: Living With The Sun	
by Nancy Marcotte	42
Ask A Local Builder: Energy Saving Tips	46
The Last Look	48
Poetry	
Cardinal Flower / Jack Barnes	3
Awakening / Harry Glueck	7
The Storm / R. W. Emerson	11
Death March / Jack Barnes	15
February Frustration / O. L. Chase	17

Photography:
Bob Hutchinson, 2;
Nancy Marcotte, 9;
Tom Stockwell, 14, 24,
25, 39, 42, 43, 45, 48.

BitterSweet Notes

A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN COMES TO BROOKFIELD FARM

The first rays of dawn were just beginning to chase away night shadows when I looked out our kitchen window to where the bird feeders hang suspended from the sprawling limbs of a red maple tree. There on the ground sat what by now has become an old familiar figure—a splash of red on frozen ground—a cardinal! Perhaps this gentleman from the South has chosen Brookfield Farm as a winter sanctuary because there is a southern belle living here also.

My wife Diana, whom I met in Pakistan in 1976 where both of us were a part of a small group of Fulbright scholars sent by the U.S. Government to study Pakistani culture, chose to give up her teaching career at the famous Tuskegee Institute in Alabama and move to Maine to share my life at Brookfield Farm. Her trek north seemed to be a signal for several species of feathered folk to brave the North as well. Shortly after her arrival, I looked skyward one June afternoon to stare in fascination at six buzzards gliding gracefully on a gentle wind current. Last summer as I descended to our intervalle, I was amazed to see a mockingbird perched upon the rail fence that runs parallel to a narrow country road. One Sunday afternoon in late September while I was gathering herbs and chatting with a neighbor, an unfamiliar "cheep-cheep" penetrated our conversation. I glanced up immediately to see a beautiful male cardinal pause briefly on one of the branches of the red maple and then fly away. Although I am aware of cardinals being frequent visitors to our southern coastal areas, it was the first cardinal that I had seen in Maine since the early 1930's when a pair of cardinals chose to winter along the shores of Sebago Lake at Long Beach, East Sebago. The touch of irony is that early the same morning I had written a short Zen poem about the lone cardinal flower that still was in blossom in a secluded spot along the brook that flows by our dining room window.

My efforts to detain this exotic bird by immediately reactivating our bird feeders has paid off. In fact, a few weeks later the female appeared and spent much of the day at the feeders while the male sat like a lone sentinel in a small pine tree. It has been

weeks since I have seen the female. I hope she chose to take leave of her mate and did not meet with a tragic accident. At any length, our guest from the South appears each morning before the evening grosbeaks and blue jays begin to swarm about the feeders. Usually he makes another brave appearance late in the morning to feed unmolested by the grosbeaks and blue jays—a splash of red midst a canvas dominated by shades of yellow and blue. Each afternoon as evening shadows begin to creep boldly down from the surrounding hills, he briefly returns for a late snack, which he enjoys either alone or in the company of a chickadee or white-breasted nuthatch.

Is our scarlet visitor a missive from the South the portends a mild winter and perhaps milder winters to come? Certainly as I sit here writing this article two days after a brown Christmas, it is more like April than January. Recently, my wife and I were showing slides that we took to illustrate Harper Lee's *To Kill A Mockingbird*, which my American Literature II class had just finished reading. One student asked her what the winters are like in Alabama. (The day in December was rainy and mild).

"Exactly as it is here today," was her prompt reply.

Yesterday I raked the autumn leaves and gathered them up to use for mulch. Certainly the winter thus far, except for three days of bitter cold, has been a typical Alabama winter; thus my wife and the cardinal are very much at home. □

CARDINAL FLOWER

Between gray stones
Worn by spring floods,
Oblivious to the swaying grass
And the cold waters
Of a wooded stream,
Like a British sentinel,
Stands a lone cardinal flower—
The last vestige
Of a fading summer.

Jack C. Barnes
Hiram

BitterSweet Views

APOLOGIES

If you read the article in January's *BitterSweet* about the illustrious *302 Traveller* newspaper of Bridgton and wondered about our allusion to the witty comments of *Traveller* editor Charles Simpson you will be relieved to know that the comments were inadvertently dropped from our final copy at press time. Here is the comment, taken from the most recent issue of the paper: *Photographer Bruce Cole considers a homely detail from winter's landscape and comes away enriched. So may we all in the frosty days ahead.* Our apology to Mr. Simpson. And to the rest of you—think about it!

And for those of you who puzzled over the omissions in Linda Cooper's recipe for *Apple Nut Squares* in the October issue of *BitterSweet*—it ought to have specified use of both $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. of baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. of baking soda, as well as 1 cup of sugar. □

BitterSweet

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Zilpha Anne Plummer:

Poet and Painter

by Ronald G. Whitney

Zilpha Anne Plummer was, during most of her years, one of Oxford County's best known and beloved poets and painters. She was born in the old Marshall homestead which still stands on High Street in West Paris, on October 6, 1846—the daughter of Samuel D. and Esther (Penley) Marshall.

The Marshalls were a close-knit, affectionate family and Zilpha's girlhood was happy and uncomplicated. Her relationship to her mother was particularly close:

"Mother! name so full of sweetness,
Tenderness and deep fond love—
 Falling on us, all around us,
 Like a blessing from above."¹

The Androscoggin River flowed through the valley below her father's farm and was one of her favorite recollections:

"No river, resplendent in song or in story,
 Can boast of such grandeur as thine;
Thy hill turrets bathed in the glories of morning,
 Out-rivals the fair castled Rhine."²

She received her formal education in a West Paris district school and she taught school herself for a brief time before marrying. Shortly after her twenty-first birthday, Zilpha married John Fellman Plummer, a farmer's son from the neighboring town of Sweden. Young Plummer was a veteran of the Civil War. The couple set up their home at the Marshall homestead. It was there that their only child, whom they named Minnie Anne, was born. Minnie, singing under the stage name of Mlle. Minne Scalar, would win international fame as a diva of grand opera.

Shortly after their daughter's birth they moved from West Paris to a house in Norway. There they became acquainted with Harriet and Simon Stephens, whose son, C. A. Stephens, had just begun a career as a writer on the staff of *The Youth's Companion* in Boston.

The Plummers did not stay long in Norway. Within a couple of years they moved to Ivoryton, Connecticut, where John Plummer had taken a position with a piano manufacturing company. The family lived in Connecticut for about thirteen years.

It was during the Connecticut years that Zilpha began to write and publish. She always had an intense love for poetry and was able to express her deepest feelings in clear and beautiful verse. Few, if any, of her poems were published in Connecticut. She mailed her poems back to Maine where they regularly appeared in the South Paris weekly *Oxford Democrat* or Norway's *Oxford County Advertiser* and sometimes in a little paper called *The Oxford Comet*. Soon, however, other publications in Maine began to pick up and publish her poems. These included the daily *Portland Press Herald* and two magazines, *The Evangelist* and *The Christian Secretary*.

Zilpha's favorite subjects were nature, reminiscences, religion, anniversaries, and death. Her nature poems centered on scenes in Connecticut and Maine, but the tie to Maine was by far the stronger:

"All the wide world is adorned by nature
 With beauty unstintingly given,
From southern clime to northern pole,
 Desert tract ir 'quake-chasm given;
But no tongue has power to portray—
 Nor the most brilliant, active brain,
The vast, incomparable, matchless worth
 Of this one splendid State of Maine."³

"....Methinks from out the silence,
I could hear the sweet refrain
Of the pine-trees low, soft sighing
From the dear old hills of Maine."

Her love affair with Maine was deep and life-long. There was, she felt, no better place to live or, when the time came, to die:

"When life's sunset is fading,
And the mists are cold and gray,
Leave me near those snow-capped
mountains,

Let their shadows o'er me lay,
And methinks, from out the silence,
I could hear the sweet refrain
Of the pine-trees low, soft sighing,
From the dear old hills of Maine."⁴

She was especially adept at writing poems to celebrate the wedding anniversaries of close friends. Several times, from her cottage in far away Connecticut, she sent special poems back to Maine for those occasions.

Her poems of religion and death reflected a simple but profound spiritual faith. Zilpha's religion was real and her verses on that theme carry its conviction to the reader.

Zilpha never regarded Connecticut as anything but a temporary stopover. One day, she believed, she would go home and many of her poems reflected that hope:

"I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm counting every day;
For it has seemed a long, long time
That I have been away."⁵

The great day finally came. During the latter part of 1885 or early in 1886 the Plummers moved back to South Paris. John Plummer had entered into partnership with J. A. Kenney who operated a boot, shoe, and clothing store in Market Square, South Paris. Zilpha and her family took up residence in a second story flat over the store.

One of the first things the Plummers did after getting settled in their new home was to join the First Congregational Church. They remained members until the end of their lives. Much of their social as well as

religious activity centered upon church organizations and services. John Plummer served for many years as one of the deacons. Zilpha taught Sunday School there and served on a number of committees.

Shortly after her return to Maine Zilpha received recognition of her poetic gifts. Her biography, together with her poem, "Hills of Maine," was included in George Bancroft Griffith's book, *The Poets of Maine* which was published in 1888.

During this period the great musical gifts of her daughter, Minne, became apparent. When Minne was still in her teens she taught music at Hebron Academy from 1887 to 1889. From there she went to Portland where she played the organ for some of that city's leading churches.

Recognizing their daughter's extraordinary genius, the Plummers scraped together all the money they could muster and sent Minne abroad in 1895 to study six months in Paris, France with the world-famous organist, Alexander Guilmant. Upon her return, Minne resumed her career as an organist and a teacher. But she had discovered in Europe that, great as her ability as an organist was, her potential for voice and grand opera was even greater. So she returned to Europe to prepare and train her voice. In 1903 she made her debut in grand opera at The Hague. Within a short number of years she had soared straight to the top, singing in all the major opera houses of Europe and establishing for herself an international reputation.

In the summer of 1908 Zilpha and her husband set sail for Europe to see Minne and hear her sing. After a month in France with their daughter, they returned home and, as printed in *The Oxford Democrat* of Sept. 29, 1908, though they had some rough weather on the homeward voyage, they "lost but one meal on account of sickness." Zilpha was a good sailor.

A year later, in the fall of 1909, John

Plummer bought a lot and built a house for Zilpha on Pine Street in South Paris. Because of the oak finish used throughout the house, it was named "The Oak Acorn." John and Zilpha moved in in 1911, just a few weeks before Minne returned from Europe and came for a visit.

It was at Pine Street that C. A. Stephens, the old friend of years before, now a famous author and inventor and recently widowed, came to call upon Minne. It was love at first sight. C. A. Stephens and Minne were married the day after Christmas in the following year and went to live at the magnificent stone Stephens homestead on Norway Lake known as The Laboratory. Zilpha now had both a daughter and a son-in-law who were internationally famous.

Six years later, on September 3, 1918, John Fellman Plummer died after a brief illness and was buried in a new plot in Riverside Cemetery in South Paris. Zilpha closed her house on Pine Street and went to live at The Laboratory with Minne and C. A. Stephens.

Now Zilpha's talent as an artist came to the fore. From her early years Zilpha had dabbled in painting using both oils and water colors. Her apartment at The Laboratory became her studio. "I paint my pictures here," she explained to a visitor, "scenes from memory for I cannot go out as I used to do, and scenes from my window." Then, a little pensively, she added, "I no longer use oil paints, just water colors now."

Many of her water colors graced the interior of her four room apartment at The Laboratory. Others, including some of her oils, hung on the walls of other rooms in The Laboratory. A large number were simply given away as gifts to friends.

Zilpha was a sensitive and perceptive artist who concentrated on landscapes. She was a close and accurate observer of the grand and beautiful in nature. On occasion she would hand-paint a vase or some other piece of china.

She painted and wrote poetry until the end of her life. The Norway *Advertiser-Democrat* continued to publish her work as did one of the leading farm magazines of the northeast, *The American Agriculturist*.

C. A. Stephens died in 1931 and was buried near Zilpha's husband, leaving her and Minne to live at The Laboratory. Zilpha was approaching the century mark; surely she would be the next to go. Then, like a bolt out of the blue, her beloved Minne was taken

ill and rushed to the Lewiston Hospital, where she died on January 28, 1944. Zilpha was alone in The Laboratory.

Four years later, she quietly passed away at the age of 102 and was buried beside her husband in Riverside Cemetery. She was Norway's oldest resident.

"Hush—a holy lighted radiance,
Mantles lip and cheek and brow,
On 'Life's everlasting pillow,'
In dreamless rest, she sleepeth now."⁶

□

Whitney is author of *The World of C. A. Stephens* and organizer of *The Zilpha Anne Plummer Poetry/Painting Collection* which was presented to the Norway Memorial Library in 1976.

FOOTNOTES

¹Zilpha Anne Plummer, "Mother, Home, and Heaven."

²Zilpha Anne Plummer, "Androscoggin River."

³Zilpha Anne Plummer, "Maine."

⁴Zilpha Anne Plummer, "Hills of Maine."

⁵Zilpha Anne Plummer, "Going Home."

⁶Zilpha Anne Plummer, "Life's Everlasting Pillow."

AWAKENING

Seed catalogs are bursting
With signs of coming Spring
Birds singing in the treetops
Returned from southern fling,
Snow melting in the woodland
And on the grassy plain,
Sun climbing in the azure sky,
Each day will see its gain.
Soon will appear the field mouse,
The woodchuck and the mole,
Attentive to the rebirth,
Prospecting on their role,
Maple trees are being tapped
To garner in their gift,
Fish houses moved from all lakes
Before the ice will shift,
Chain saws buzzing in the woods,
Preparing next year's stock
Each bush and branch are swelling,
Foretelling this year's crop.
Now what do all these views portend,
Aside from coming treasure?
Mud season will be here again
To add to our Spring "pleasure."

Harry Glueck
Oxford

Heading Out

Maine's Conservation School: "Putting Man Into the Picture"

by Nancy Marcotte

Occasionally, a childhood experience occurs to influence the rest of a person's life. Such an experience for me was a Grange-sponsored week at Conservation School on the Freeman Waterhouse campus in Bryant Pond. That was more than fifteen years ago when classes on basic flora, fauna, fish and forest husbandry were taught by uniformed state foresters.

The experience of living in a log dormitory, carrying wood for the fire, studying in the forest and at the lake shore was exciting, and if I went home with little retained factual information, at least I had a good impression of conservation and natural living.

Things at Bryant Pond have improved substantially during the past few years. The two woodstove-heated log dorms on the hill are still there. Most classes are still taught out in the countryside, but the experience itself has changed. No longer taught by men in uniform, the classes have become hands-on workshops led by dynamic and well-educated young men and women science teachers and the participants go home with a lot more than tid-bits of information.

The beautiful Lake Christopher-bordered campus has long been owned by the non-profit *Conservation Education Foundation of Maine*, which was founded by Lillian Waterhouse on her own property. Eight years ago the state's administrative responsibility for the school was transferred to the Department of Education and Cultural Services. Peter Dumont, camp director and Science Consultant/Executive Director of the Foundation explains that at that time the group's goal became to teach ways to use all of our resources wisely.

To do this, Maine's Conservation School offers one-week residential courses covering everything from ornithology to plant management. Though there are some weeks devoted to college students, teacher workshops, or to gifted high school students sponsored by conservation groups from all

over Maine, the usual residents are 6th-8th graders from schools such as Skowhegan, Auburn, Kittery and Searsport. They come with their teacher-chaperones to learn more about the natural world. In addition, the 4-H, Grange, and Elderhostel programs for older citizens also sponsor certain weeks during the summer.

From early May to as late in October as possible (until, Dumont says, he is "under the building thawing out the pipes") the faculty sees about 900 people in weekly groups of 50. The students pay \$45/week (a price set deliberately low by the foundation to encourage participation) for the facilities which include the dormitories; Rogers Hall (a large log classroom/dining hall/lab building); the stone cottage which houses staff, library, mineral and stuffed bird collections; a rifle range for older students; kickball and volleyball fields; movies and audio-visual aids; and a 200-acre outdoor resource area. Classes are small, with an average 10 pupils to one teacher. The pace is highly structured and very busy from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. each day, Monday through Friday.

Dumont, who laughingly calls himself "the only executive director with a chain saw in his office," has been six years at Bryant Pond, the past two as director. He is an earth scientist with graduate credits in education under his belt, and a sunny outlook toward teaching children. Together with the rest of his small staff, he operates a program which keeps kids so busy they don't have time to be homesick. Students are organized into five color-coded groups which rotate turns at housekeeping chores and with instructors. The strict rules and structure are necessary in order for the teachers to keep constant track of the students in the woods and to present material from a variety of viewpoints. Nevertheless, it is a framework with flexibility, recognizing that some teachers have more knowledge of a subject than others, and allowing students to explore new approaches.

John Whitney, one of the teachers with a degree in biology, emphasizes that teachers "go with the natural flow—with what the kids want to do; by digging into the ground they can understand, by feeling and being involved."

The rest of the staff (Sally Hall, another biologist; Danny Pleeter, with a degree in science education; Dawn Perry, a natural resources and botany graduate) show their students how to develop a sensitivity to the things in nature, how to use them and preserve them for future use.

The first day in camp brings a general instruction on "habitats" which sets a base for the rest of the week's presentation as it covers basic concepts about plant succession, food chains, and the growth cycle.

From then on a typical day starts with breakfast at 7 a.m. and a series of in-field courses on topics such as soil mapping and suitability, wildlife management and state game regulations, hunter safety, lumber industry forest cutting, ecology, birds, fish,

water resources, geology, and survival first aid. Sandwiched in throughout the days are social events like scavenger hunts or parties, physical education and recreational activities to let out pent-up energies, meals prepared by Merle Lang ("our French chef from West Paris"), films on related topics, and lab activities designed to teach basic surveying and use of soil and water test kits.

By the end of the week, students are ready for the big event—a Natural Resources Inventory where all skills are put to use in mapping out sections of the woods. Four teams follow 100m. transit lines, putting all their observations down on paper. One group makes a contour map of the area's elevations. The next group identifies the tree species and locates them on that map, along with their estimates of the board feet of harvestable lumber contained therein. Another group then provides an analysis of soil types and utilizations along that map. The fourth group plots quadrants with



The stone building and Rogers Hall on the Freeman Waterhouse Campus at Bryant Pond.

the plants and lichens in the area.

This incredible undertaking has a number of practical results. It develops teamwork among groups. It shows 12 and 13-year olds the importance of knowing math data and learning skills, and how to look at and evaluate land—"trying to put some rhyme and reason into education" as Peter Dumont stresses. The teachers demonstrate relationships between all aspects of life. They tell the students how things are and leave it up to the kids to make their own values decisions. It's better than preaching, the staff believes.

In many cases the kind of life they encounter at the Waterhouse campus is a culture shock to young people (no t.v., no radio, and no swimming in ice-cold Lake Christopher) but their reaction to it is anything but passive. Talking and doing teaches a lot of exciting and useful information.

The last day gives participants still another perspective—a tour of Gorham Hill ("A Village No Longer"). The former farm site, now only cellar holes, provides a study of early settlers and their environmental problems. The opportunity for "putting man into the picture" brings up the ecological support systems needed for the farm. Students examine artifacts and old techniques for dealing with problems. They discuss why farms are forests now, and the effects of glacial rock and a short growing season.

Linking the week's information together is the final item on the agenda—an Eco-Bowl quiz which pits half the group against the other half for a test which is both challenging and fun.

This conservation education concept is also shown to teachers in field-study workshops funded by the American Forest Institute each spring and fall. Teachers who are interested in using the Project Learning Tree material attend the workshops to see how it can be implemented out-of-doors. Continuing education credits are given from the University of Maine.

A couple of Medford, Mass. grade school groups were the last to use the camp during the season just past, but out-of-staters are only accommodated when local groups aren't using the place. The foundation emphasizes that Maine's Conservation School is there for Maine people, and they wish that more nearby schools were

participating in this unique opportunity to explore the natural order.

Winter has closed down the school for another year. The teachers have gone off to do their own projects for a few months. But Peter Dumont is spending the off-season at the State Department of Education in Augusta, planning for next summer's conservation education. □

Marcotte, BitterSweet's copy and production editor is an art education student at the University of Southern Maine. She lives in Norway with her two children.



You don't say

MORE TALES OF THE COURT

At the opening of each court session on Paris Hill in the 1880's, the first order of business was to select a jury. More jury-men were always called than would be needed as some would have a good reason to be excused from jury duty. One such jury-man had asked to be excused because his wife "was about to be pregnant."

The County Attorney hastened to explain to the judge that he thought the young man meant that "his wife was about to be confined." Without a moment's hesitation, the judge ruled, "In either case, I think that he should be there. I'll excuse him!"

A bright lawyer who practiced in southwestern Maine at the beginning of the 19th century was Attorney John Swazey. He was very successful before juries and his services were in constant demand. In one case he was representing a very poor man who had quite a few children. This man was being sued for non-payment of a debt. Lawyer Swazey was telling the jury how very poor his client was. He was a clam digger who lived in a little shack down on the coast. As Mr. Swazey expressed it (with tears in his eyes), "This poor family of beautiful little children had nothing to eat but clams. They had clams for breakfast, clams for dinner, and clams for supper until, gentlemen of the jury, their little stomachs rose and fell with the tide!" □

Raymond Atwood
Paris Hill

Goings On

ART

BATES COLLEGE TREAT GALLERY: Antique Hooked Rugs in Maine, Feb. 8-Mar. 17; 19th Century Maine Paintings, Mar. 23-Apr. 27. Gallery hrs.: Mon.-Fri. 1-4:30 & 7-8; Sun. 2-5.

DRAMA

THE RIMERS OF ELDRICH: Hebron Academy, A harrowing drama of violence & prejudice in a small town; Feb. 27-Mar. 1, Science Lecture Hall. Admission.

OTHELLO: by William Shakespeare, Bates College Schaeffer Theatre, Lewiston, Mar. 13-15 (8 p.m.) & Mar. 16 (2 p.m.). Admission.

RICHARD EBERHART, POET: Lectures at Bates College Chase Hall Lounge, Feb. 28, 8 p.m., Lewiston. Free.

LPL & APL

INDUSTRIAL ARTS CRAFTSMEN: 3 rotating exhibits—"Harold Gower, Boatbuilder;" "The Building of a Muscongus Bay Sloop;" "Musical Instrument Makers in Maine" at Androscoggin Savings Bank, Lewiston-Auburn schools and Auburn Public Library through Apr. 18.

FILMS: *Homage To Chagall—The Colours of Love*, Feb. 10, 2:15 p.m., Twin Cinema at Promenade Mall, Lewiston. \$1.50. *Love On The Run*, Truffault's 5th film about Antoine Doinel, Mar. 2, 2:15 p.m., Twin Cinema at Promenade Mall. \$1.50.

DAN BUTTERWORTH, MARIONETTES: Hasty Memorial Auditorium, Auburn, Feb. 6 Senior Citizens Show; Feb. 6 (7 p.m.). Feb. 7 at Lewiston Multi-Purpose Center, Birch St., 3:30. Free.

JAMES LEA & JAY PETERS: Cabinetmakers; Workshops in Industrial Arts classes.

THE MAINE POTATOES - BY BRITT WOLFE



MUSIC

CONTRA DANCES: The No Name Yet Band; Feb. 8 for Clamshell Alliance at St. Joseph's Hall, Lewiston, 8:30 p.m.; Feb. 16—a Valentine's Dance at Bear Mt. Grange Hall, South Waterford, 8:30 p.m.; Feb. 23, Gould Academy Girls' Gym, Bethel, 7:30 p.m. Small Admission.

FRANK GLAZER, PIANIST: Bates College Chapel, Mar. 9, 8 p.m. Free.

BATES COLLEGE/COMMUNITY ORCHESTRA: Concert Mar. 20, College Chapel, 8 p.m. Free.

ANNUAL MODERN DANCE CO. SPRING CONCERT: Bates College Schaeffer Theatre, Lewiston, Mar. 27-29 (8 p.m.) & Mar. 30 (2 p.m.). Admission.

MOZART'S REQUIEM & BACH'S CANTATA NO. 4: Bates College Chapel, Apr. 5, 8 p.m. College Choir & Portland Symphony Chamber Orchestra. Admission.

ETC.

RUNNING CLUB: Meeting 2nd Weds. every month at Oxford Hills Junior High, Pine St., South Paris, 7:30 p.m. A run every Sun. 11 a.m. beginning at Jr. High.

GREENWOOD HISTORICAL SOCIETY: Meets the 1st Weds. every month, Locke Mills Town Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Y.M.C.A. WINTER PROGRAMS: Basketball, Aquacises, Swimming Lessons, Stamp Club, Singles Club, etc. Phone 743-7184 for more information.

FARE SHARE CO-OP STORE: Natural foods in a new location—former Norway Farmers Union, Tannery St., Norway. New hours: Mon. 9-3; Thurs. 1-7; Fri. 1-6; Sat. 10-5.

THE STORM

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whitened air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped; the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Ralph Waldo Emerson
South Waterford

Winter's Tales

SNOW FOLLOWED BY SNOW

by Doris Thurston

We still speak of it as "the '52 storm." I wouldn't have missed it for a farm down east, but if the menfolks knew I said that they'd send for the men in the white coats and have me put away.

The snow was already falling when we got up that morning, but hadn't made much, and the weatherman hadn't expected anything spectacular. So come four o'clock my husband Hal scooted the little jeep along down the road the mile and a half to his work with his cousin Alton on the farm. And somewhat later I revved up the jeep station wagon and fared forth to my job.

As the day progressed, so did the storm, and everybody began to notice that, instead of thinning out, it seemed to be mustering more and more enthusiasm. A little uneasiness crept in, but we struggled our way home and tried to convince ourselves that maybe things were letting up a little. It looked as if Hal and I, living on a road that usually got its share of drifts, would have to do some shovelling next morning, but, having jeep-type rigs, we didn't worry much, and sat down to supper. We had just finished our meal when word came that a neighbor's little girl must be taken to a doctor in another town. By then it was useless to start out with a conventional car, so Hal took the station wagon and succeeded in assisting distressed mother and child to the doctor's and back. Or rather, part way back.

Instead of letting up, the storm had drawn back to get its second wind, and then gone to work with ruthless determination. By the time Hal had delivered his passengers back at their home and pushed his way as far as the farm, that was IT. Nothing on wheels would go any farther up the road that night, and the road crews would probably wait 'til the storm was over to start plowing. Hal would have to stay the night at Alton's.

And the next night and the next, and so on for about a week. The storm finally blew itself out, leaving the neighborhood effectively stalled. The jeep-wagon sat there in Alton's dooryard, half buried and helpless. The drift around it had built an upward slope

that ended at the eaves of the back porch. The surface was so firm that, having shovelled their way out from the stable door, the young folks walked up over the drift and sat on those eaves like kings and queens on their thrones.

Down on the hill below the farm, someone's car had gone off the road and was almost completely buried. One corner of its top, not much bigger than a dinner plate, peeped out of the snow to reveal its presence.

Sometime during the next few days, the snow plows managed to dig out what passed for a road along the flat—a main road which led past the foot of our crossroad and on toward the north. Up in the hills, we cooped-up natives remained immobilized. Alton's wife, who is my sister, couldn't get to the village to replenish the food supply, so we hunted out all the snowshoes and knapsacks available and organized an expedition up the road to our deserted cabin to bring back some canned goods.

The space where our driveway belonged was now occupied by a jim-dandy of a drift. By climbing slantwise, we made our way up over it, ducking our heads under the telephone wires. The cabin looked snug, with only the top half of the door and windows showing. By pawing the snow away at the side of the door we found the scoop shovel in its usual place, and dug out enough space for opening the door. It wasn't quite as snug inside as it looked from the outside. Although by some minor miracle we had not lost the electrical power, the furnace had failed and our beautiful copper pipes were frozen. We started the furnace, loaded our knapsacks, shovelled some steps down the driveway drift and made as much haste as possible back to the farm to report to the menfolks. Alton came back with Hal and they heated teakettles of water, found some kitchen towels, and thawed everything out. Thankfully, they found no pipes had burst.

Now the breaking crew tackled the road up the hill toward the farm. They did fairly well up over the first pitch, but a big drift in the second pitch proved too much. No way could the men make it straight up the hill; they swung out in a curve like the letter S, and with a lot of grunting and groaning finally got up over and back to the real location of the road. The worst part, "the big hill," was still ahead of them. The poor old tractor heaved a shuddering sigh and bored in. By the end of the day they had reached the top

of the hill. A full eight hours on this one-mile stretch of road had produced a worm track that nothing but a four-wheel drive rig could possibly navigate.

Before there was any road passable for an ordinary car from there on by the farm and our place, a neighbor beyond us had run out of hay and grain, and his cows were getting pretty hungry. He began feeding them apples from his cellar and called the town office for helpful suggestions. Shortly, a big, clanking army vehicle lumbered up over the piled-up landscape and brought him some hay and grain. Good thing we have an armory at the village.

And how was it that I got down the road that first night of the storm to stay at the farm? Well, I had a sleigh ride. I've always loved a sleigh ride, especially if it's one that's a little unique. This one was quite appreciably different. The drifts had only begun to build up, and if it had been a problem of myself alone, I could have made it on snowshoes, but our young boxer dog couldn't have walked and couldn't have been left by herself.

Hal's cousin Claire lived down on the flat. He got an old sleigh down from the shed chamber, harnessed up one of the work horses, sent me word to be ready, wrapped himself in a big buffalo robe and plunged up through to the cabin. At the foot of the driveway, where the big bank had not yet built up, there was one of those places where the wind scoops the ground almost bare, and forms the side of a bowl almost perpendicular at its side. Claire got out and led the horse up through this and managed to turn the sleigh around, close to our door. Not wanting to keep the horse standing in the cold, I grabbed up what few things I had hurriedly gathered—toothbrushes, pajamas, etc.—piled into the sleigh, put Boxer over my shoulder like a child and pulled the robe up over our heads against the icy wind.

Away we started, Claire leading the horse 'til we should turn from our yard into the road. At the bare spot in the driveway, slightly misjudging in the dark, he cut the corner just a little too wide, and ZOOP! Over rolled the sleigh. Woman, dog, robe, toothbrushes and pajamas went tumbling over the snow in a whirl of confusion, and Claire was left holding the horse, now unhitched from the sleigh. To assure him as quickly as possible that no one was hurt, I declaimed with exaggerated calmness,



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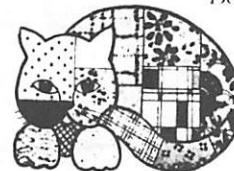
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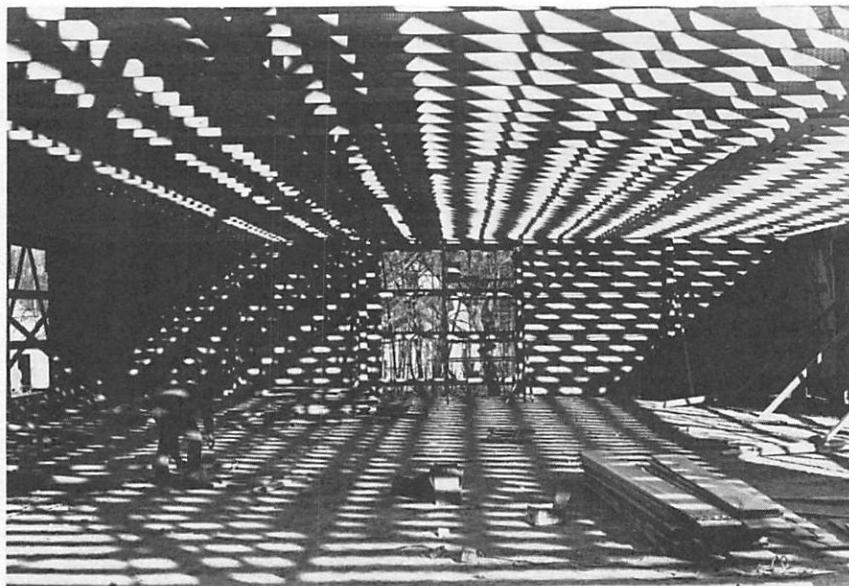
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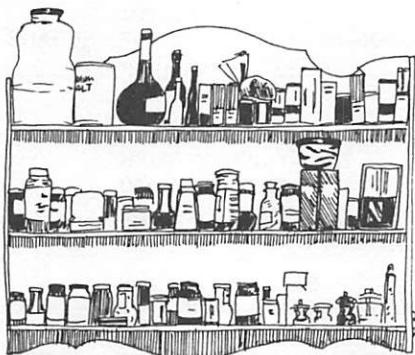


*Patterns of light fill the construction of Bridgton's new skating rink.
An all-out volunteer effort by townspeople built the structure during the month of December*

"O-o-oh K-a-a-y!!"

This information set him to giggling like a schoolgirl. Then he straightened his face, stood tall, cleared his throat and announced with towering dignity, "Mother taught us boys back in courting days, that a gentleman should always assist a lady out of the sleigh!" □

*Mrs. Thurston lives in a log cabin in North Norway, where she has written numerous books about her childhood and youth, including **Beloved Brick House** and **We Ate Molasses Cookies For Walrus Meat**.*



THE FLAT STONE

The snow was falling and the wind did blow
The temp outside was 'bout twenty below.
Dad fetched an armful of wood from the shed
To keep the house warm, until time for bed;
And off to the closet I would race
To fetch the flat stone from its honored place.
Then back to the kitchen I would go
To place it in the oven for an hour or so.
When it was hot, Mom wrapped it in layers
Of paper, and carried it upstairs.
She laid it in bed, near to my feet
And that cold, cold bed was filled with heat!
After my prayers and "goodnights" were said
Underneath the covers I'd tuck my head.
In that cozy comfort I'd go to sleep
Relaxed and content, no need to count sheep.
All that night I'd sleep as sound as a log
'Til I heard the bark of old Rex, my dog.
And when I'd wake in the morning at dawn,
All the heat from the stone would be gone.
So I'd go bounding down the stair,
Huddle right up to my father's chair,
I'd sit in front of the oven door
And that's the way I'd get warm once more.
The point I make should be quite clear
When something is scarce, you hold it dear
Like that old flat stone, it was quite a treat
When I needed warmth on my cold, cold feet;
But tell, how could you appreciate that
If you've always had a thermostat?

Barbara Payne
Otisfield

WOOD HEAT & COLD BEDS

by Alice Parks

Winter has set in with a vengeance and the sub-zero cold of January and February penetrates to the very core of the brick house in Buckfield in the year 1939. The black iron kitchen range with its attached tank for heating water boils billows of heat into the huge kitchen and offers from its oven hot biscuits, baked beans, and cake periodically. Chairs and rockers are drawn close to its iron sides where favorite spots allow people to toast their feet in the open oven or rest them on the front shelf.

The round oak stove in the next room stands tall, its domed top piece flaunting an elaborately curliqued ornament. When loaded with chunks of dry wood, its sides have been known to glow as cherry red as the chimney funnel during a chimney burn-out, something which happens at least once a winter. No fire trucks would come up when this occurred. If a game of '63 or cribbage was going on, a player might comment casually on the unusual roaring sound. It would be agreed that, yes, the chimney might be burning out. Occupants of the house would close the drafts on the stoves, check the chimney in the attic and keep a close watch on airborne sparks spewing from the chimney. When the unscheduled clean-out job was finished, they returned to their game. Sometimes, after such a burn-out, small rivulets of creosote streaked down the wall from the funnel entrance, greatly aggravating the housewife who may have just freshly papered the wall that summer.

The back bedroom of the sturdy brick house also boasts an oblong cast iron parlor stove, and if the wood supply is plentiful and if someone has remembered to start the fire in time, it's possible to use the stove to its best advantage—warming the bed. Without it, the walls of the room radiate the fierce cold of a day of below-zero temperatures and the bed itself is so cold to the touch that the blankets seem to be keeping the cold inside instead of out. The warm flannel gown donned in a heated room quickly gives up its warmth. The pillows, with their crisp white covers, are like flexible ice sheets and the feather mattress holds, encapsulated in its air pockets, the numbing cold.

The body folds, instinctively, in self-defense against the chill, into a pre-birth posture, knees up, arms crossed. There is no place for the appendages called feet to

withdraw so they are the last to warm from the body heat which is slowly captured beneath the pile of blankets. Until they are warm, the foot muscles contract and the toes curl in a vain effort to escape the cold.

Footwarmers are the only answer. A soapstone will, we hope, have been kept on the back of the kitchen stove all day. At bedtime it will be wrapped in a towel or piece of old blanket and pinned securely (and, ah, the pleasure of a warm spot that lasts for hours in an icy bed). If not enough soapstones are available to accommodate everyone in the house, a quart canning jar will be filled with hot water poured from the iron kettle that occupies a permanent position on the cook stove and wrapped and pinned. Or a rubber hot water bottle may be called into service.

The heat does not last as long this way, but the initial warmth eases the entry into sleep. There is also the possibility of a burned foot or leg should the pins unfasten, or a flood should the jar crack or the closures come loose—a minor catastrophe when the thunder jug is freezing under the bed.

The November-born baby sleeps snugly in her cradle. No one had publicized that a great deal of body heat escapes through the top of the head, but she wears a homemade flannel hood just the same—an idea born of common sense.

It is snuggling weather. Pillows encircle heads and quilts are pulled high over shoulders and chins. Only noses emerge for air. The heat from the banked fires in the other rooms is pushed back by the cold to within a few feet of the stoves. Slowly the bed warms up. We rest for the night, changing positions occasionally, searching for a warm spot to escape a cold draft sneaking in under the edge of a comforter, and awake to start fires for another day. □

Mrs. Parks sells real estate in Buckfield and writes for The Lewiston Daily Sun.

DEATH MARCH

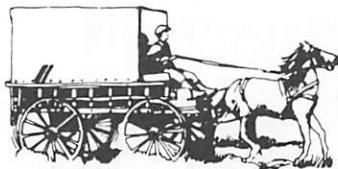
Like emaciated soldiers
on a death march,
gnarled trees with naked branches
trek across a sea of snow.

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FOR SALE: Bethel Historical Society Cookbook, \$4.50 per copy. Illustrated with old-time photos and containing 180 pages of old-time recipes. Moses Mason House Museum, 15 Broad St., 824-2908. (75¢ extra for mailing).

AVAILABLE: Free space to list your items for sale, to buy, or trade. Simply write to **BitterSweet**, RFD, Box 24, Buckfield, Me. 04220 each month.

Winner of Brainteaser XVI was Jerry Banks of Norway who reasoned that assuming a man wears a shirt, tie, and socks, there would be 21 different combinations he could wear without matching up the green shirt and the blue tie.

Others who submitted correct answers by presstime were "Professor" Dana E. Hall of Lewiston, Nettie Pearl of Mechanic Falls, Linda Jackson, Neil Hanley, Dean LaChance, South Paris, and Ida Korhonen of Norway.

December's winner of Brainteaser XV which was not announced in the January issue because of an early Christmas deadline, was Robert Williams of South Paris who realized there would be four boats needed to make the fewest number of trips to the island—one for the father, one for the mother, one for the two boys and one to be pulled along behind, in which the 25-pound picnic basket would be placed.

Barbara McLaughlin of Contoocook, N.H. wrote to complain that subscribers who receive their magazines after they go on sale at the newsstands are unfairly penalized in answering the brainteaser.

"The brainteaser is in the store long before we get it in the mail," she wrote. "We are lucky to get it in on time."

We agree the system's unfair. So from now on we will not begin accepting correct answers postmarked prior to the 15th of each month. In the case of more than one correct answer postmarked on the 15th, additional prizes will be awarded. □

Brown's

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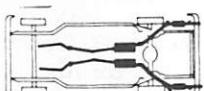
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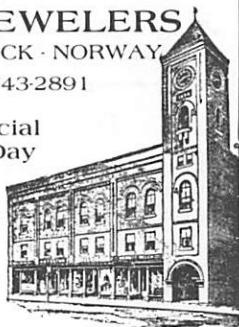
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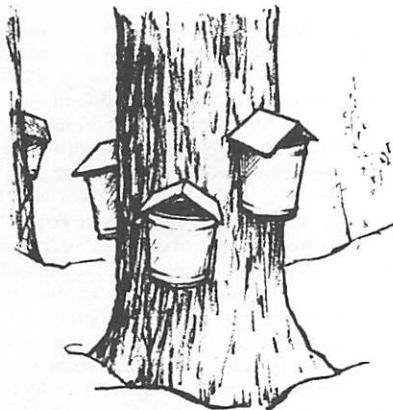
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BRAINTEASER XVII

The board of elections in a small town consists of five men: Smith, Jones, Brown, Peters, and Thompson. At their first meeting, they sat around a table in the order just given. They decided to elect a new chairman.

The first ballot was a stand-off. Each man received a single vote. No one voted for either of his immediate neighbors at the table, or for himself. On the second ballot, each man stuck to his original choice, except for Brown, who now voted for Thompson. Thus Thompson became chairman. The question is: Who voted for Jones on the first ballot?



FEBRUARY FRUSTRATION

The groundhog saw his shadow
On bright snow the other day,
Which means that stormy weather
Will remain . . . to my dismay.
I try to see the snowscene
And its charm with poet's eye,
But frost fogs my bifocals
As I shovel drifts heaped high.

I think my Muse has frozen
In this time of ten below.
That would not be surprising,
But it leaves me feeling low.
I hope she's hibernating
Like my furry little friend,
To come forth full of vigor
When the winter's at an end.

Otta Louise Chase
Sweden

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Ayah

letters to the editor

A TRIBUTE TO DR. PETER BROOKS

Recently a relative mailed me a clipping from the November issue of **BitterSweet** which aroused my interest, particularly in the sketchy article about Dr. Peter Brooks of Pigeon Hill in the *You Don't Say* column.

Although he was born nearly 235 years ago and practiced medicine for about forty years he left a record of achievement which deserves more than a casual reference in humorous style by calling him an Indian doctor, and hinting that he died a victim of his own medication.

I believe your contributor gleaned his information from the histories of Poland and Woodstock, and the history of Androscoggin County. Those sources should have been accurate but they contain so many errors, hearsay reports, and unchecked data along with some truth that many persons are required to research other areas to gain factual material.

Succeeding generations have given the doctor many living relatives and I am one. He was my great-great-grandfather. I am a native of Norway, Maine; my father and grandfather Brooks were both born in Oxford County at Woodstock; and my great-grandfather (Doctor Peter's son) was born at Poland on Pigeon Hill.

My research and that of other relatives and historians prove that Doctor Peter Brooks made a careful and important contribution to the field of medicine. Although some persons called him an Indian doctor, in reality he was a homeopathic physician who prescribed medicines from roots, herbs, oils and mineral derivatives. Always a faithful keeper of medical and surgical records, his manuscripts were gathered after his death, copyrighted and published in 1839 by popular demand by Benjamin French of Hebron under the fascinatingly informative title of *The Physician's Assistant*, consisting of a Short (183 pages) and Comprehensive MATERIA MEDICA; together with a Summary View of the Whole Practice of Physic, Surgery, and Midwifery by the Celebrated Doctor Brooks, late of Hebron, Maine. In the publisher's Preface are these words: ". . . a strong desire was expressed by them (the community where he lived) that it should be made more generally public . . . (for) there are, perhaps, few men who have acquired greater reputation as a Physician than Dr. Brooks. The extensive practice which he had, not only in the place of his residence, but in many of the adjoining towns, abundantly shows the high repute in which he was held. He was fully satisfied by long practice, that the virtues contained in the herbs of our Country

were far superior to the drugs of foreign growth."

The term "Indian doctor" may have been used in derision or as an affectionate nickname. Labels often stick and leave false impressions.

From other records and my own verified research I have the following information: Peter Brooks was born in Acton, Massachusetts (not in Plympton or Plymouth), on March 29, 1745—the fifth generation of the Brooks family who came to New England; namely: (1) Captain Thomas Brooks from England to Watertown and Concord; his son (2) Captain Joshua Brooks from England to Lincoln, Mass.; (3) Ensign Daniel Brooks, born in Concord; (4) Major John Brooks, born in Concord; and (5) Peter Brooks who was among the first volunteers from Acton to join the Continental Army in the Revolutionary War.

For twenty years Dr. Peter Brooks practiced medicine in Ashburnham, Mass., where he was the first physician in the town (most of the time without competition) and where, according to the town history, "he enjoyed some measure of public confidence."

From Ashburnham, Doctor Brooks moved to Plantation Number Four in what is now Poland, Androscoggin County. That was in 1789. He bought a twenty-five acre tract of land on Pigeon Hill and built the first frame house in that neighborhood. He practiced in Poland and in what later became known as New Gloucester, Mechanic Falls, Welchville, Minot, Oxford, Norway, Paris, Woodstock, Greenwood and Bryant Pond. There seems to be no clear record concerning the place or date of his death. His publisher suggests that he was "late of Hebron," but the Poland history records 1807-08, presumably in Poland, since he was buried there. His marble headstone stands in the second row right in the first cemetery from Poland Corner, about one-quarter mile toward Welchville at the beginning of Pigeon Hill. The marker says PETER BROOKS, MASS. TROOPS, REV. WAR—1800, and beside it is a Revolutionary War marker with a flag. This is the cemetery which was severely vandalized in 1979 with many headstones broken beyond repair, and Dr. Brooks' stone was also damaged.

Included in the Poland Town History of 1890 is a poem by Ruth G. Pratt, written as a tribute to Dr. Peter Brooks. It reads as follows:

"The doctor, in those days of old,
On horseback riding we behold;
His leather saddle-bags he fills
With plaster, powders, knives and pills,
His stirrups short bring up his knees
At angles with his saddletrees.
And thus he rides by night and day
To kill or cure, and gets his pay
In cheese or pumpkins, corn or hay."

Paul Q. Brooks
South Yarmouth, Massachusetts

NO MORE BARBARISM

I am surprised and shocked that you would print such a horrible tale as "On The Trail of Whitetails" in your November issue.

I thought that we had progressed beyond killing innocent wildlife and the barbaric enjoyment of following blood and looking into deer's eyes, then pumping shots into it. What a thing to teach your grandchildren.

Please no more stories of this ilk!!

I enjoy your magazine and having been born & raised in South Paris, some names and places are still familiar to me.

Reta Shaw Forester
North Hollywood, California

NOURISHING BITTERSWEET

Isn't it wonderful how **BitterSweet** has been planted, nourished, and flourished! Congratulations to all of you and your staff! Your second Christmas Catalogue was another "wish book" to all us country folk and we enjoyed it so much, as I am sure you at **BitterSweet** did, not only for the satisfaction, but also for the good income produced. So, Merry Christmas to the thriving two-year-old + and best wishes for continued success! It has become the favorite publication of its kind to arrive in this house each month.

Tony Stone
Locke Mills

CORRECTIONS

Wow! You owe Walter Twitchell a beer! He is the Hiram postmaster—not me.

I am the screwball storekeeper and historian who lives across the river. We are good friends so I think he will forgive you.

Ray Cotton
Hiram

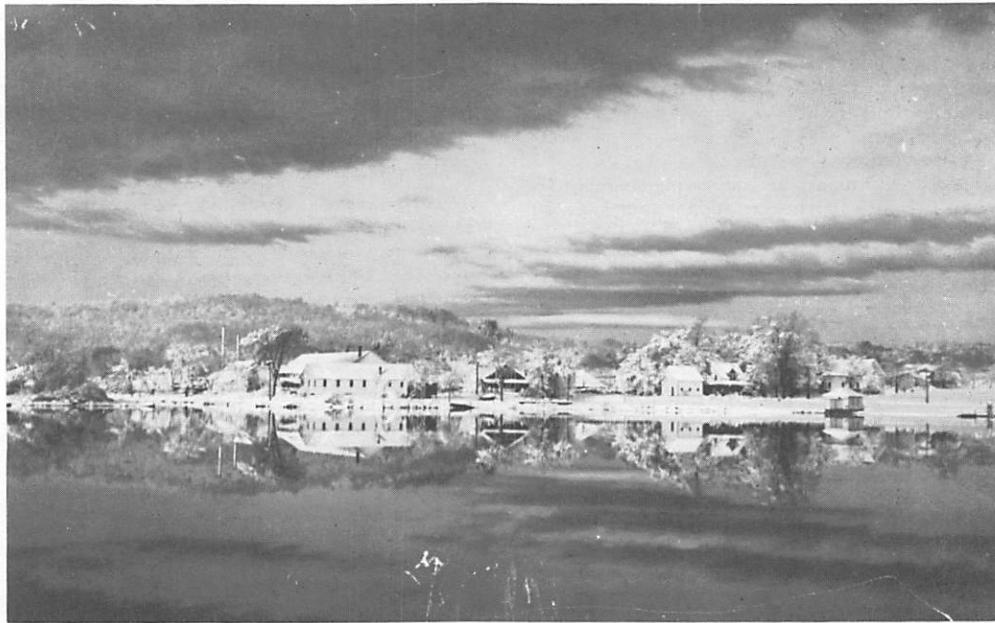
Apologies —Ed.

In the January issue Dorothy McFarlin of South Paris, who provided us with the momentos for the teacher's notebook, was mistakenly identified as Katie Royal Joslin's granddaughter. She is her daughter.



The photo below of East Buckfield School, Federal Four Corners, taken about 1903, was sent to us by Edith Gammon after seeing the article on the school in the January issue. From left to right, the people are identified as: (back row) Cleora DeCoster (m. Merle Adams, Hartford); Lena McIntyre; Eva Mason Irish, Buckfield; Carolyn Fuller (now age 96 and living in California); Archie Purkis; Leon Purkis (m. Matena Fuller); (front row) Erland Waterman (brother to Ethel Purkis and Marion Bessey); Ida Forbes; Edith DeCoster (Gammon, Sumner); Helen DeCoster (Leslie, Dixfield); Ethel Waterman (m. Archie Purkis, Buckfield); Charles Sanborn; Ernest McIntire; Arthur Cobb, Portland; and Lawrence Shaw (uncle to Isabel Shaw).

Can You Place It?



In the last issue of **BitterSweet**, a request was given for more information about the old hotel in Locke Mills. Steven Seams has a lot of information. I do have this—on the evening of Jan. 17, 1909, during a severe snowstorm, Amy K. Thompson and George Forbes were married in the Old Hotel, by Rev. Mr. Banghart of Bethel. The young couple were from Woodstock. Mr. Forbes was of Scotch blood, the grandson of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, born and raised in the city of Aberdeen, Scotland. He was a steamfitter by trade but was adapted to many occupations. He came to America, to friends in Lowell, Mass., worked at his trade in the Merrimac Cotton Mill and came to Woodstock in the early 1900's.

I also attended dances before I was married in the old hotel. They had local talent for music.

Here is more information about Dudley's Store in Bryant Pond. It was the first store built in Bryant Pond Village. Ezra Jewell built the rude one-story affair. He moved in his goods and opened the store before the building was ready for occupancy; the roof scarcely shingled, no windows or doors in front end for several days. He and his son, William Frederick, lived in the rear of the building. Eventually they lived upstairs in the little attic room. A narrow flight of stairs or a ladder was used. He also built the first modern house in Bryant Pond Village.

Mr. Jewell was a native of Waterford, first postmaster at Bryant Pond, 1865 trustee of Oxford County Cattle Show and once owned a

store in North Woodstock. He moved to Andover, Maine, the spring of 1876 and drowned in Roxbury Pond, July or August 1876, while fishing when the wind overturned his boat. He is buried in Andover.

Ruby Emery
Bryant Pond

I'm visiting my daughter and, as usual, I'm enjoying their copy of **BitterSweet**.

I believe the **Can You Place It?** picture is one of the old hotel and town hall in Locke Mills (Dec. issue).

As a young girl, mother worked in the hotel dining room. I remember her telling of lightning running down the blade of a carving knife during a bad thunder shower.

As a young girl myself, I attended the school social times in the hall.

Hazel Salls Ford
Norway

Your magazine is the greatest! I thoroughly enjoy every article, especially Bert's letters to Peter.

In regards to January's **Can You Place It?** the photo is Front Street in Harrison, Maine, with the old board walk. Keep up the good work.

Peg Ricker
Norway

In your January, 1980 issue (p. 9) you requested information on the Mt. Abram Hotel, Locke Mills. Photo was in the Dec., 1979 issue.

I lived a short distance from the hotel for years and it was owned by George Tuttle who also ran the Livery Stable across the street. Fanny Bartlett (no relation) was cook, chambermaid, and the whole staff—not even a helper. The attached ell was a dance hall which had one of the few "springboard" dance floors (springs under the floor). If you stomped too hard, you nearly hit the ceiling, but great for square dances.

On p. 40 of your September, 1979 issue (photo at bottom of page) is on Rt. 26, Locke Mills. Though you requested no information, some may be interested to know that the scene is an old one of where Jordan's Restaurant is now (the small house shown was George Tirrell's home—now Jordan's). Alas, the big pines are long gone. The river is Alder River which was a much-travelled route for campers from Round, North, and South Ponds to get to Locke Mills Village (still is).

I had a camp on Round Pond which I sold sometime ago. Moved to Locke Mills at age 10—but have not lived there for many years. . .

I enjoy *BitterSweet* so much and as I've been in magazine work I also know what a struggle it is to "start from scratch," as they say, and I think you're doing a fine job.

Gwen B. Swan
Portland

BitterSweet is always pleased to receive information about the old photographs we run. We are on the lookout for interesting local pictures—old or new. Please send them to **BitterSweet**, RFD, Box 24, Buckfield, ME. 04220. They will be returned to you.

I believe your scene in the January *BitterSweet* is Front Street in Harrison. The home on the right is Earl Davis, Jr.'s. The first home on the left is Ida Blake's and the second home is Sherm Fleck's. Sure enjoy your magazine.

Emma Pitts
Harrison

Your January issue arrived and I hasten to write you about *Can You Place It?* Where else but Front Street, Harrison, Maine, looking south off Main Street, sometime between 1900 and 1910. Would say that it was taken before automobiles were plentiful and telephones had come to the "Friendly Little Village."

Have enclosed a picture post card of the same scene taken by Edgar Spaulding, a well-known photographer of the '30's and '40's in Harrison Village. Every once in a while these cards appear in stores in Harrison and Bridgton even today.

My grandparents, the late Warren and Emma (Mills) Martin used to live on Main Street, so I have been going to Harrison for 57 years. I'm Bridgton-born but live in Beantown, Taxachusetts at present. Seems as though I can't wait to come home to my beloved Maine.

It will be interesting to see who else pinpoints the picture date-wise. All of those gorgeous elms have gone and one of the houses on the left was burned, also note in your picture the two hitching posts, today a garage stands there.

I enjoy your magazine as much as *Down East*, *The 302 Traveler*, and *Yankee*. Keep up the good work.

Warren Martin
Boston, Massachusetts



Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.
Your Very Good Health

We spend \$60 billion a year on health, as we keep reminding ourselves, or is it now 70? Whichever, it is a shocking sum, and just to mention it is to suggest the presence of a vast, powerful enterprise, intricately organized and co-ordinated. It is, however, a bewildering, essentially scatterbrained kind of business, expanding steadily without being planned or run by anyone in particular. Whatever sum we spent last year was only discovered after we'd spent it, and nobody can be sure what next year's bill will be. The social scientists, attracted by problems of this magnitude, are beginning to swarm in from all quarters to take a closer look, and the economists are all over the place, pursing their lips and shaking their heads, shipping more and more data off to the computers, trying to decide whether this is a proper industry or a house of IBM cards. There doesn't seem to be any doubt about the amount of money being spent, but it is less certain where it goes, and for what.

It has become something of a convenience to refer to the whole endeavor as the "Health Industry." This provides the illusion that is in a general way all one thing, and that it turns out, on demand, a single, unambiguous product, which is health. Thus, health care has become the new name for medicine. Health-care delivery is what doctors now do, along with hospitals and other professionals who work with doctors, now known collectively as the health providers. The patients have become the health consumers. Once you start on this line there's no stopping. Just recently, to correct some of the flaws, inequities, logistic defects and near-bankruptcies in today's health care delivery system, the government has officially invented new institutions called Health Maintenance Organizations, already known familiarly as HMO's, spreading out across the country like post offices, ready to distribute in neat packages, as though from a huge, newly-stocked

inventory, health.

Sooner or later, we are bound to get into trouble with this word. It is too solid and unequivocal a term to be used as a euphemism and this seems to be what we are attempting. I am worried that we may be overdoing it, taxing its meaning, to conceal an unforgettable reality that we've somehow agreed not to talk about in public. It won't work. Illness and death still exist and cannot be hidden. We are still beset by plain diseases, and we cannot control them; they are loose on their own, afflicting us unpredictably and haphazardly. We are only able to deal with them when they have made their appearance, and we must use the methods of medical care for this, as best we can, for better or worse.

It would be a better world if this were not true, but the fact is that diseases do not develop just because of carelessness about the preservation of health. We do not become sick only because of a failure of vigilance. Most illnesses, especially the major ones, are blind accidents that we have no idea how to prevent. We are really not all that good at preventing disease or preserving health—not yet, anyway—and we are not likely to be until we have learned a great deal about disease mechanisms.

There is disagreement on this point, of course. Some of the believers among us are convinced that once we get a health-care delivery system that really works, the country might become a sort of gigantic spa offering, like the labels of European mineral-water bottles, preventives for everything from weak kidneys to moroseness.

It is a surprise that we haven't already learned that the word is a fallible incantation. Several decades of mental health have not made schizophrenia go away, nor has it been established that a community mental health center can yet maintain the mental health of a community. These admirable institutions are demonstrably useful for the management of certain forms of mental disease, but that is another matter.

My complaint about the terms is that they sound too much like firm promises. A Health Maintenance Organization, if well-organized and financed, will have the best features of a clinic and hospital and should be of value to any community, but the people will expect it to live up to its new name. It will become, with the sign over its door, an

official institution for the distribution of health, and if intractable heart disease develops in anyone thereafter, as it surely will (or multiple sclerosis, or rheumatoid arthritis, or the majority of cancers that can neither be prevented nor cured, or chronic nephritis, or stroke, or moroseness), the people will begin looking sidelong and asking questions in a low voice.

Meanwhile, we are paying too little attention and respect to the built-in durability and sheer power of the human organism. Its surest tendency is toward stability and balance. It is a distortion, with something profoundly disloyal about it, to picture the human being as a teetering, fallible contraption, always needing watching and patching, always on the verge of flapping to pieces; this is the doctrine that people hear most often, and most eloquently, on all our information media. We ought to be developing a much better system for general education about human health, with more curricular time for acknowledgement, and even some celebration, of the absolute marvel of good health that is the real lot of most of us, most of the time.

The familiar questions about the needs of the future of medicine are still before us. What items should be available, optimally, in an ideal health-care delivery system? How do you estimate the total need, per patient per year, for doctors, nurses, drugs, laboratory tests, hospital beds, x-rays, and so forth, in the best of rational worlds? My suggestion for a new way to develop answers is to examine, in detail, the ways in which the various parts of today's medical-care technology are used, from one day to the next, by the most sophisticated, knowledgeable and presumably satisfied consumers who now have full access to the system—namely the well-trained, experienced, middle-aged, married-with-family internists.

I could design the questionnaire myself, I think. How many times in the last five years have the members of your family, including yourself, had any kind of laboratory tests? How many complete physical examinations? X-rays? Electrocardiograms? How often, in a year's turning, have you prescribed antibiotics of any kind for yourself or your family? How many hospitalizations? How much surgery? How many consultations with a psychiatrist? How many formal visits to a doctor, any doctor, including yourself?

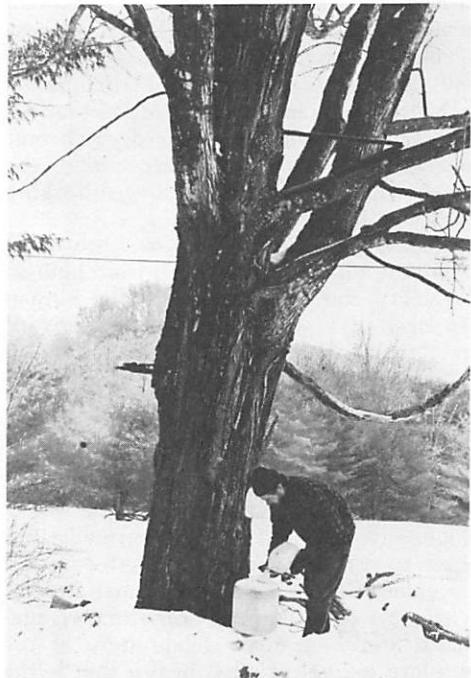
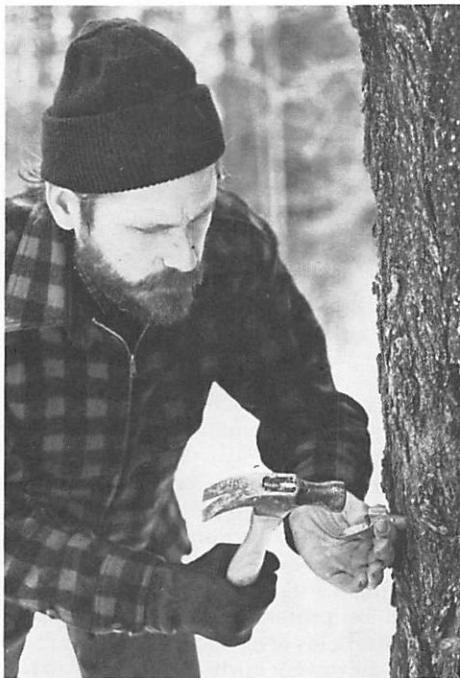
I will bet if you got this kind of

information, and added everything up, you would find quite a different set of figures from the ones now being projected in official circles for the population at large. I have tried it already, in an unscientific way, by asking around among my friends. My data, still soft but fairly consistent, reveal that none of my internist friends have had a routine physical examination since military service; very few have been x-rayed except by dentists; almost all have resisted surgery; laboratory tests for anyone in the family are extremely rare. They use a lot of aspirin, but they seem to write very few prescriptions, and almost never treat family fever with antibiotics. This is not to say that they do not become ill; these families have the same incidence of chiefly respiratory and gastrointestinal illness as everyone else, the same number of anxieties and bizarre notions, and the same number—on balance, a small number—of frightening or devastating diseases.

It will be protested that internists and their households are really full-time captive patients and cannot fairly be compared to the rest of the population. As each member of the family appears at the breakfast table, the encounter is, in effect, a house-call. The father is, in the liveliest sense, the family doctor. This is true, but all the more reason for expecting optimal use to be made of the full range of medicine's technology. There is no problem of access, the entire health-care delivery system is immediately at hand, and the cost of all items is surely less than that for non-medical families. All the usual constraints that limit the use of medical care by the general population are absent.

If my hunch, based on the small sample of professional friends, is correct, these people appear to use modern medicine quite differently from the ways in which we have systematically been educating the public over the past few decades. It cannot be explained away as an instance of shoemakers' children going without shoes. Doctors' families do tend to complain that they receive less medical attention than their friends and neighbors, but they seem a normally healthy lot, with a remarkably low incidence of iatrogenic illness.

The great secret, known to internists and learned early in marriage by internists' wives, but still hidden from the general



MAKING MAPLE SYRUP

Around the end of February or the beginning of March, when the nights are frosty and the days a mellow 40° or so, the sap begins rising up the maples in the northern woods. When this happens, people start collecting their tree-tapping equipment. The Maple Syrup Season is underway.

There's a definite procedure for gathering enough of the sweet sap for boiling down into syrup. The first requisite, once the temperatures are right, is a little snow on the ground for moisture. The next is maple trees measuring at least 12" in diameter. Sugar maples are usually recommended, although Tom Stockwell, who took these pictures, says the best syrup he ever made combined some red maple sap with sugar maple.

Spouts, like the one pictured at upper left, are tapped into the trees at least 3 or 4 feet above the roots. A 7/16" drill prepares the hole and a gentle tap of a hammer pushes the spout at a slight angle up into the tree, so the sap can drip down.

In the old days, covered sap buckets were plentiful, but in more recent times plastic gallon milk jugs have been found to work well. The containers are cut at the bend of the handle, the caps left on to keep out debris, and the jug hung by the handle at the lip of the spout.

On a good day in a good season, a couple of gallons a day can be collected from each tap for boiling. Trees more than 12" wide can handle another tap for each additional 6" tree diameter.

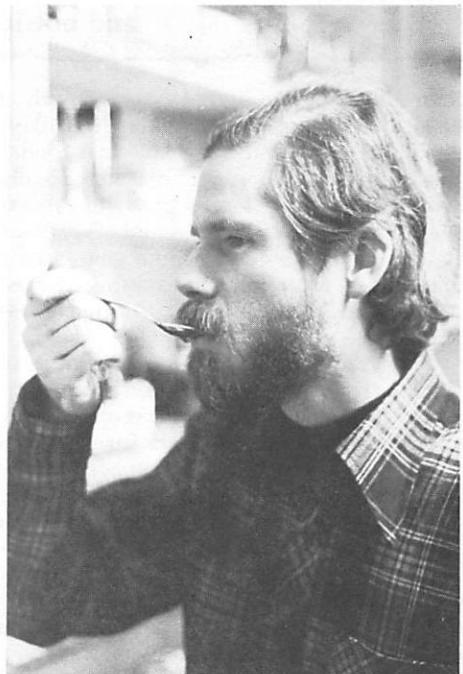
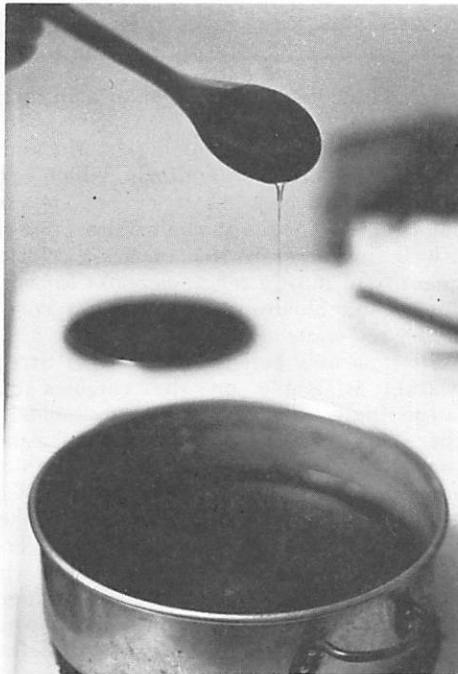
(But don't tap last year's hole.)

The sap can be kept cold so it won't sour and boiled down once a week, using a 55-gallon drum with the end cut out for the fire and flat top made for the 20-gallon evaporator pan. Beginning with 20 gallons, it is boiled down outside for four or five hours, while the scum is scooped off the top with a strainer.

When there are a couple of inches of darkened liquid left in the pan, the sap is brought inside and cooking continues—very slowly, so it won't burn or caramelize—on the stove. The syrup should be slow-cooked (never more than 219°F) until the desired thickness is reached. If you keep cooking, you'll have solid maple sugar.

While the syrup is still warm, strain it through clean, thick felt into jars and seal immediately. The ratio will be about 30-40 gallons of sap for each gallon of syrup made annually.

It is a long but rewarding process which can continue until somewhere around the middle of April when the buds are swelling and the sap loses its sweetness. Then the spouts are pulled, the tap holes plugged, the equipment cleaned and put away for another year. It's time for the sap-boiler to come in from his chores to the most delicious of spring-time treats: golden new syrup and fresh butter spread on a flaky, hot, brown biscuit. □



Portland's New Market Street Market And Some Stone's Throw Sidelights

by Sally Clay

Looking for a pleasant excuse to spend a day in the city? Portland's new Market Street Market is well worth the drive.

Called by some "The Quincy Street Market of Maine" after Boston's famous local landmark, the Market Street Market offers a mingling of exotic and familiar under the bright skylights and painted beams of a reconstructed garage. It is located in the Old Port area at the corner of Middle and Market Streets.

Be sure to arrive there in time for lunch. Your family can choose among different concessions for such specialties as Vietnamese pork ragout and shrimp toast, French crepes, German bratwurst,

silver pieces and knitted items such as afghan socks. Both the toy store and the Canadian shop also carry a large and varied quantity of stuffed animals including, at Handcrafter's, an appealing stuffed beaver clutching a Canadian flag and a furry stick (either a carrot or a piece of wood, one assumes). This writer gave one of the beavers to a friend, who named him "Igor Beaver."

A recent addition to Market Street Market is Precious Metals, Unlimited, a concession that will buy gold, silver, coins, or other items of precious metal. As of the middle of January, Precious Metals was buying marked sterling silver at \$360 per

Portland is a lively city and its Old Port area is really the heart of a new and spirited culture. Winter is a good time to take advantage of this, to appreciate what Maine has to offer to Mainers—and not just to tourists.

Godmother's pizza, giant salads (with a choice of dressings, including diet Italian) or, for kids who want it, the usual fast food.

Tables and chairs are placed casually throughout the market so that you can eat together, whatever your menu. Buy your favorite beverage at the same concessions or, for a real treat, get some fresh-squeezed orange-strawberry juice at Orange Press Express.

While you eat, you may enjoy the music of a roving troubador, especially on a Saturday. For dessert you can pick from among mouth-watering pastries such as black forest cake or fudge ripple cheesecake, homemade fudge at the Cacao Cart or ice cream cones.

After lunch you may want to browse through the different shops and pushcarts. On the upper level, Child's Play sells unusual and educational toys, such as a ready-to-assemble castle made in Spain, as well as small toys such as bubble blowers. Next door the Atlantic Handcrafter's Guild specializes in handmade items from Canadian craftsmen—small wooden toys, pewter and

troy pound (about 14 ounces), or about \$25 an ounce.

Aside from several pushcarts, the only other stores are The Bag Lady, which sells original canvas bags in a variety of styles and colors, and a bookstore downstairs. Logos is a well-stocked store that carries a colorful quantity of mostly religious books for both adults and children, along with records, cards, and some gifts.

As it is now set up, the Market Street Market is ample on the eatables but surprisingly lacking in the "browsables"—there are more food shops than retail concessions. The only articles of clothing sold are Indian shirts at the East India Co. cart and hand-printed t-shirts at another pushcart. So you may have time left over.

For an enjoyable surprise, leave the market, turn right and walk just a few doors down on Middle Street. There, in a second story showroom, Sam Timberlake of Bethel recently opened a retail outlet for his handcrafted furniture. Timberlake has been well-known in the Oxford County area for

many years for his beautiful Shaker reproductions.

Now he is expanding to the Portland area. On display in the showroom are sleek, gleaming wooden tables and sturdy ladderback chairs with handwoven seats, all carefully made from birch and maple using original Shaker designs. Each piece is in itself a work of art; you can rub your hand over the surface of a hand-finished table and feel the living quality of the wood.

Complementing the furniture displayed in Timberlake's showroom are original oil paintings by Douglas Bane of Bethel. Bane's paintings of both people and objects are done in dark, rich colors that make them at the same time dramatic and calming. He has chosen this method of display rather than the hustle of art shows and galleries, and certainly the combination of Timberlake's austere furniture with Bane's rich images provides an experience as aesthetically satisfying as any visit to an art gallery.

Back on Middle Street, you are within easy walking distance of all the other shops in the Old Port. If you are up to more shopping, you may browse to your heart's content

among many shops selling such goods as indoor plants, Marimekko fabrics, handcrafted jewelry and pottery, and clothing.

Should you remain in Portland until evening, you may wish to return to the Market Street Market for dinner and entertainment at the Ratskellar, the German beer cellar on the lower level, or Ruby Begonia's upstairs. At the rear of the market, Ruby Begonia's is a charming bar and cafe. In the daytime it is bathed in light from its glass ceiling and walls, like a greenhouse.



CITYSIDE Goings On In Portland

The Portland Stage Company

After The Fall: by Arthur Miller, Feb. 8 - Mar. 9

The Misanthrope: by Moliere, Apr. 18 - May 18.

For reservation information, call 774-0465. Portland Stage Co. is located at 15 Temple Street, just off Monument Square. Performances are Sun. at 2 & 7 p.m.; Weds., Thurs. & Fri. at 8 p.m.; Sat. at 4 & 8:30 p.m. Prices differ for different performances.

Maine Mariners Hockey

Home games at Cumberland County Civic Center: Feb. 2, 6, 9, 13, 16, 18, 27; Mar. 2, 5, 9, 19, 22, 26, 29, 30; Apr. 5. Game times: Weekdays 7:35 p.m.; Sat. 8:05 p.m.; Afternoons (Mar. 2 & 30) 2:05 p.m.; Sun. (Mar. 9) 3:05 p.m.

The Movies

At 10 Exchange St. Prices: Weds. \$1; All other times \$2.50; Sr. Citizens \$1; Under 16 \$1. Feb. 3 *The Caine Mutiny*; Feb. 4 *Nosferatu*; Feb. 5 *Of Human Bondage*; Feb. 6 *Lady Chatterley's Lover*; Feb. 7 *On Trial*; Feb. 8 *Suddenly Last Summer*; Feb. 9 *Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*; Feb. 10-12 *Love On The Run*; Feb. 13-16 *Wuthering Heights*; Feb. 17-19 *Fun With Dick & Jane*; Feb. 20-23 *Coming Home*; Feb. 24-26 *Despair*; Feb. 27-Mar. 1 *Wifemistress*. Call 772-9600 for times. (Schedule subject to change).

Like Ruby's and the Ratskellar, most of the other eating establishments in the Old Port provide evening entertainment on weekends. Notable among these is the Deli One on Exchange Street, near Congress Street. The Deli provides an unpretentious but attractive atmosphere, along with simple but delicious food at very reasonable prices. Try their Popeye omelet with potato salad or one of their full-meal salads, and don't pass up one of their delicious desserts such as a brownie or carrot cake. On Friday and Saturday the Deli provides entertainment from local talent.

These local musicians generally rotate

among the different Portland establishments, and their repertoires range from folk singing to jazz and rock. Most of them are quite good.

Of course, Portland offers many other possibilities for an evening's entertainment. On February 10 at 3:00 p.m., the celebrated violinist Pinchas Zukerman is performing at City Hall. The Ice Capades come to the Civic Center on Feb. 20-24. Check with the Schedules for the Civic Center and Portland City Hall Auditorium for upcoming concerts and events.

The Portland Stage Co. always presents excellent performances, including Saturday and Sunday matinees, and their next production will be *After The Fall* by Arthur Miller. The play is based upon Miller's marriage to Marilyn Monroe, and will be performed Feb. 8 - March 9.

Bogart, Charlie Chaplin, and the like. Their atmosphere is friendlier and their prices lower than the big movie houses—and the popcorn is fresh.



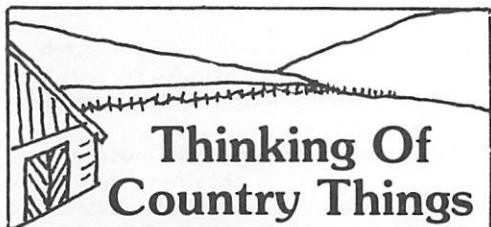
THE BAKER'S MARKET

If live performances are not your bag, try going to *The Movies*. This is a small movie house located at the lower end of Exchange Street in the Old Port Exchange mini-mall group of businesses. The Movies shows classic and art films featuring Humphrey



Portland is a lively city, and its Old Port area is really the heart of new and spirited culture. February is a good time to take advantage of this, to appreciate what Maine has to offer to Mainers—and not just to tourists

Sally Clay was a popular magazine contributor while a resident of Hiram. She is now living in Portland and, with this issue, begins a regular monthly column on the sights and sounds of Maine's largest city—a mere stone's throw away from Oxford County.



Thinking Of Country Things

WOOD

by John Meader

The early history of humans is broken into various eras—the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, the Iron Age; and those labels indicate to a degree the stage of technological sophistication achieved by a culture.

The labels, however, are misleading by way of placing false emphasis. The ability to shape stone or work bronze and iron is of course notable, but without wood no cultural advances would have been possible. We're prone to the false emphasis because the stone and metal artifacts have survived the passage of time while wood has not. But, one asks, what is the value of a stone ax without a handle, or a bronze spear without a shaft?

These days we're returning to our respect for wood. The realization that wood is our only renewable natural resource has become a kind of cliche.

Wood and oil are peculiar in the fact that both are important as fuels and also as raw materials for manufacture; oil, of course, being a basis of the plastics industries. But this peculiarity is superficial, for wood of course is the source of oil and coal as well. Oil and coal are simply refined wood; abundance of organic material, geological phenomena, great pressure, and vast time serving as the non-polluting refinery. Come to think of it, a diamond is merely a super-refinement, a crystallized, semi-transparent, polished hunk of pine (or whatever was common back then—oversized grasses, ferns and horsetails).

A little reflection reveals the key importance of wood. I am sitting in a wooden chair at a wood desk writing with a wooden pencil upon wood-derived paper while a wood fire warms the wood house which is banked by sawdust. If you say my prose is also wooden, permit me to choose the kind—supple as willow and solid as oak.

Wood is such a pervasive part of our lives that it's hard to say exactly when one starts learning about it. But some familiarity

induces a kind of fascination, and one seeks to know more.

One rule I learned early was that you should never plow until you've cut next winter's wood. The idea behind it was that one thing leads to another—plowing to planting to weeding to harvesting and if the wood isn't cut before, then you may just keep putting it off until fall and then up burning green, or trying to cut standing dead stuff.

Our first year on this place we had to resort to dead stuff, much of it eeked out from the slash of a timbering-off that had taken place a year before. As firewood goes it wasn't awful, but you really had to pony the fire along to get it to throw much heat.

There are charts that rate types of wood according to the amount of heat they'll give off. Hickory rates highest with white oak a fairly close second, but neither is at all common here; and hickory is such a pretty tree one would have to be mad at the world to cut one down.

Fir balsam rates about lowest as fire wood, along with aspen popple, and my feeling is balsam is next to worthless altogether, though a lot does go to pulp and some gets sawn as dimension wood. Balsam studs are light, quite strong, and hold nails better than pine. Balsam brush is chopped and hauled into Lewiston to the incense factory there, providing some hardy extra income.

Popple, properly treated, makes a light, strong wood, though liable to large knots, and sees some use in apple bins. It is valued as pulp, and since it grows so rapidly, paper companies have experimented with systematically planting it for harvest.

I've never seen any BTU rating for two woods that I burn in quantity and value greatly: grey birch and alder. Grey birch absolutely must be split to cure properly—it has a thick bark which does not readily permit moisture to escape, but once cured it is a hot wood and can make a good bed of coals.

Grey birch is generally scorned but it is also chipped for pulp if large, and in the past was locally cut to supply a spindle-mill.

As far as throwing heat and making coals, alder is excellent; one of the best woods for making a *biscuit* oven. It'll make a coal the size of a stick, looking like a large, glowing piece of pipe. During World War I, alder was extensively cut for the manufacture of charcoal for gas-masks. Its roots were used

by Indians, I believe, as a dye-source for yellow. The butt of a new-cut stick will burn orange-yellow, if not frozen, within a day's time. Add to this the fact that alder possesses nitrogen-fixing nodules in its root system, thereby improving the soil where it grows, and one has in alder a rather valuable plant.

I also burn hackmatack and here again I've never seen a rating of it as a firewood, but it strikes me as quite a bit better than white pine. Hack, as its called around here, is considered to be next best to cedar for poles. It also makes good planks and is preferred for flooring in stalls and tie-ups. It would make a nice-looking parlor floor, but you'd have to nail it down green because it twists badly when it dries. You want to mean it when you drive a nail into dry hack, since it holds nails with a grim grip.

Hemlock also holds nails quite well. Because it can be bought for less than pine, a great deal of it goes into new houses now, as studs, joists, and rafters. Hemlock is used half or entirely green because it splits too quickly when fully dry. Frozen green hemlock tends to "chunk off" ahead of a nail. I was told, but don't believe, that up in Aroostook County it can get so cold that nails will pop out of hemlock. That would be something to see. In the past, hemlock was cut exclusively for the bark, which tanneries required, and the logs were left to rot.

It seems every type of wood has some special use. Black ash, for example, can be carefully and methodically pounded and then stripped off in layers for basket-making. White ash, on the other hand, is preferred for logging-scoot shoes. Hornbeam, because of its toughness makes the best mallet-heads. Also, old mowing machines relied on it for the drive-rod. Fir balsam went into butter firkins, because the wood gives off no odor or taste.

Oak, in the past, because of its sourness or acidity, was made to react with iron to produce ink. The steel of an ax-head will turn bluish from chopping oak. Red oak is crucial to the lobster industry; the best material for traps. It blends well when steamed and goes for ribs in boats as well.

Basswood, which is light and strong and easily worked, is shaped into molding, but another important use is in the fabrication of orchard step-ladders. In appearance it is virtually indistinguishable from white pine.

White birch is particularly valuable to several local industries—the manufacture of

clothespins and dowels. Yellow birch is frequently found in gunstocks. Wintergreen oil derives from black birch, and birch beers are flavored from its twigs.

White pine is, of course, the most valuable timber species in Maine; the value appropriately recognized by the designation of Maine as "The Pine Tree State." It is a wood of many uses. The plant itself shows great adaptability, and grows rapidly in many situations. Its one flaw is its susceptibility to the pine tip borer which destroys the central tip of pines and thereby leads to misshapen trees unfit for saw logs.

Red pine (or Norway or Hard) is not so susceptible, which may explain why it is set out by some tree farmers. Red also grows quite rapidly, but it is not as highly regarded as white pine by sawyers, perhaps because it doesn't saw out as much as high-grading boards.

I have only brushed upon the special qualities of tree species. Oxford County itself enjoys a kind of special quality, and that is it supports an unusual variety of trees. Among the major northeastern American conifers, for example, the only one not found naturally is the Atlantic White Cedar. Even the Jack Pine occurs, up above Eustis.

Out back here, we have for conifers white, red, and pitch pine; white, red, and black spruce; hemlock; fir balsam; white cedar; hackmatack and juniper—quite a collection.

Some remarks should be made about wood or tree side-products. Sawdust of course is used to bed cattle and poultry, and as a mulch. It is also used for fuel, now. In the past, great quantities went into ice houses. Ice-house sawdust frequently got shoveled out, in the fall, to be spread on heavy soils as a conditioner.

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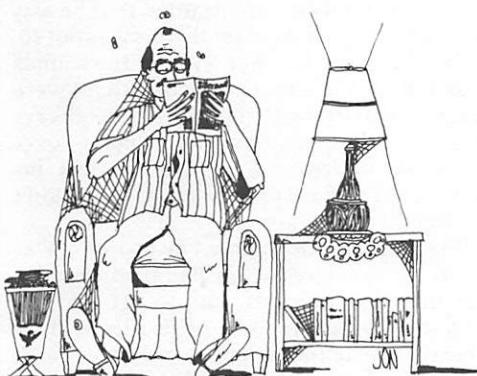


Pine needles serve as an excellent cover for strawberries. Bark also is widely used as a mulch. The Indians of course used bark for canoes. Nuts counted as a winter food. In periods of severe food shortage, the soft inner bark of pine has been eaten. And leaves? Well, if you want free fertilizer, save leaves. Decomposed leaves are quite a bit better than hen manure.

What have I forgotten? Roots? I can't quickly think of present uses of roots, but the Indians dug the roots of black spruce to bind birch bark in canoes.

Sap. We're coming toward the tapping season. By now I've written us quite a distance from wood. But sap is—how shall I say it?—wood at its earliest beginnings. Take sap and cook it down and you get crystallized sugar. Cook wood and eventually you get diamonds. □

Meader is a writer and farmer living in Buckfield.



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Home Comfort

A
Love Story
for
Valentine's
Day

FICTION
by James Swan

For six months of the year their house was surrounded by deep snow. Fortunately it was a small, warm, isolated house—a cabin, really—a good place to enjoy the basic pleasures of life, like hot baths, quietness, privacy, toast, naps, reading, tea, bare feet, lying on a couch and not owning a dog. Cosmo and Odette felt lucky to have such a house and to have the company of each other. Each without the other might have had an unhappy life. Cosmo often tried to recall exactly what Odette looked like when many years ago he had seen her for the first time. He sometimes worried that his bad memory indicated a predisposition to senility. He was in his early thirties and so was Odette. They had no children. Odette was not sure she had the patience to endure the noise and squalor of childrearing. Cosmo assured her that she was very patient, affectionate, and easy to get along with. In fact, it was so difficult to anger Odette that her friends often asked in wonder—Odette, where is thy sting?

They were in the kitchen. Odette was writing a letter. Cosmo was preparing to shave. As he poured hot water into a basin, he spilled some on his bare foot. Then he dropped his razor. Stooping to pick up the razor, he hit his head on the edge of the counter. I'm clumsy, Cosmo realized with surprise. All his life he had taken it for granted that he was as graceful as the next person, but evidently this was not so. Odette hadn't even looked up from her letter at the sounds of water spilling and skull cracking, as if such mishaps were common. Now that Cosmo thought about it, he was always dropping his change, falling downstairs, tripping over furniture. Later, while undressing for bed, he lost his balance and pulled over a tall chest of drawers. Odette didn't say a word or change her expression.

He woke up in the middle of the night. The bedroom was dark and quiet and he wondered what had disturbed his sleep. He guessed that the cat was trying to get into the house and that Odette had gotten out of bed to let it in. Then he clearly heard Odette tiptoeing down the steps and, less clearly, crossing the kitchen. After a long moment he heard the front door opening and closing. He heard the cat make a sound and imagined it rubbing gratefully against Odette's legs. He listened for the sound of Odette coming back upstairs; instead he heard her slow breathing in bed beside him. He touched her—she had been asleep beside him all the time. He had constructed a false episode out of the faint noises the house made at night. He listened some more. Drops of water that had slowly accumulated in a low place in the sink suddenly spilled into the drain with a noise that sounded like a deep male voice saying, Thanks boys . . . if I ever get married I'll let you kiss the bride.

Cosmo did not wake easily, but once awake it was impossible to get back to sleep. He went downstairs without falling. The cat was asleep on a kitchen chair. Cosmo liked cats even though when you let them into the house they lick the butter. Cosmo read the letter Odette had written; it was addressed to his mother and Odette had left it open in



case Cosmo wanted to add something. His mother was a big, hot-tempered woman who regarded herself as a small, friendly, soft-hearted woman. She disliked being touched and felt contempt for the religion and wallpaper of her friends. The only time she said something nice about someone was when she was talking about herself. Amazingly, Odette was fond of the old woman. Cosmo was not. Growing up under his mother's supervision had been difficult. All through his childhood and early manhood Cosmo had been troubled by a premonition that he was never going to be happy.

The cat jumped onto Cosmo's lap and, turning and purring, pressed the top of his head into Cosmo's palm. Cosmo set down the letter and picked up a magazine article he'd been reading at dinner. A new scientific study proved that the rabbit was not a rodent after all, but a fish. What was the use of all my schooling, Cosmo wondered, if everything I learned is now wrong?

It snowed again the next day and on his way home from work, Cosmo's car slid gracefully off the road and sank into a snow-filled ditch, reminding Cosmo that civilization works well only in good weather. True, he had not been concentrating on his driving; he had been thinking that everything is under the influence of fashion—clothing, politics, art, sex, childrearing, marriage, religion; then it occurred to him that either all faces are beautiful or they are all ugly; then, the ditch. Cosmo walked out to the main road with the intention of hitchhiking home, but traffic was light even on the highway. Drivers were reluctant

to stop because the new snow made braking dangerous. Cosmo had not planned to be standing outdoors today so he was not warmly dressed; his feet and face especially felt the cold. The stinging wind caused him to scowl ferociously at oncoming traffic. A man with whom Cosmo worked drove by slowly without stopping for him. A neighbor looked at him intently as she rolled by without stopping. Ira, Cosmo's oldest and closest friend, looked him over and kept going. Cosmo was abashed. He stopped signaling for rides and walked home in the snow, arriving there in darkness, hours late. Odette set him on a chair in front of the stove to thaw him out. The big wood-burning stove was made of iron and chrome and was as imposing as an old locomotive. Cosmo told Odette that people had refused to stop and help him. He was upset. There seemed to be no other explanation for his friends' behavior other than that they secretly despised him. Odette rubbed his smooth cold cheeks to remind him that the night before he'd shaved off the beard he'd worn for years—his friends simply hadn't recognized him.

While Odette was hanging Cosmo's wet clothing over the stove to dry, Ira walked into the house without knocking. He visited Cosmo and Odette every evening and said he didn't care if they were glad to see him or not. Sometimes he brought a small gift—a cabbage, a bar of soap, a small sharp paring knife. He had no other friends but Cosmo and Odette. He had been in a bad mood since he was a small boy. He said the unexamined life was not worth living and neither was the examined life. The only thing he seemed to

enjoy was annoying people. He liked to go to parties and whenever an interesting conversation developed among the guests, he quickly changed the subject. He grew more self-centered and defiant every year. Cosmo and Odette, who had known him all their lives, were accustomed to his anti-social behavior and had long ago stopped reacting to it or making judgements about it. They enjoyed him with the attitude of affectionate tolerance people display toward a noisy little dog or a kitten that scratches. They had no plans for giving Ira to another family or having him put to sleep.

As Ira took off his boots, his hat, his scarf, gloves and dry heavy coat, Odette playfully admonished him for driving by Cosmo without giving him a ride home. When Ira had heard the story he coolly denied that he had done such a thing. Odette offered him the excuse of Cosmo's unbearding but Ira rejected it. He denied that he had passed any hitchhiker that day, that week, or that month. He swore he had never in his life passed a hitchhiker without stopping. Then he said he doubted that Cosmo actually had been hitchhiking since he wasn't the hitchhiking type. Seeing that she had aroused Ira's relentlessly argumentative nature, Odette immediately dropped the subject. Only then did Ira ask himself honestly, privately, if he had or hadn't passed a hitchhiker during the day. He couldn't remember, but he noticed with surprised satisfaction that he had just now succeeded in irritating the even-tempered Cosmo which, Ira knew, was a great achievement, like a cat catching a hummingbird.

Odette, to change the mood, mentioned a certain chipped green teapot she and Cosmo had owned when they were first married. It had mysteriously disappeared at some vague point in the past and Odette never stopped expecting it to turn up some day. Cosmo said he remembered the missing object as a cracked blue cream pitcher rather than a chipped green teapot. Ira insisted that it wasn't a chipped green teapot or a cracked blue cream pitcher but a discolored yellow gravy boat that was missing. Cosmo threw up his hands in disgust.

Odette made tea. She had an amiable, conciliatory nature. She never got angry or gave anyone an excuse to get angry with her. She never felt that some inner quality set her apart from ordinary people. But she was easily influenced by the moods of others, the

way milk absorbs the flavors of nearby foods. Cosmo and Ira's mysterious antagonism toward each other was making her nervous; and Cosmo's recent clumsiness had begun to affect her own coordination. As she was serving the tea her foot became hooked under one strand of the network of extension cords that supplied electricity to the four corners of the room. She tripped and toppled over like a tree in a hurricane with the wires attached to her foot coming up from the floor like roots torn from the ground. Standing lamps and small appliances crashed down all around the room; books fell from a shelf; a heap of odds and ends slipped off a small table; plants were upset by other falling objects; the startled cat pulled down some curtains; there were sparks, sizzling sounds, then darkness and silence.

Cosmo thought his wife must be dead. All through the happy years of his marriage to Odette, Cosmo had enjoyed the drugged feeling that he was always going to be happy. He now discovered that this happiness of his which seemed so durable was in fact as fragile as a teacup. Living happily without Odette was unthinkable. Cosmo became hysterical, so did Ira (he secretly loved Odette), and so, therefore, did Odette. It took them a long time to comprehend that she was unhurt. Even the cups weren't broken.

Odette made more tea while Cosmo and Ira straightened up the room. Soon the three of them were sitting cozily around the warm stove. Odette's fall had smashed most of the light bulbs so the room was dimly lit. Ira stared morosely at a wooden cupboard Cosmo had bought recently from the shop of a friend. SOLD COSMO had been scrawled across it in chalk but the first S had been rubbed off in the trip home and it now said OLD COSMO. Cosmo was going to live to be very old, though Ira; members of Cosmo's family all had uncommonly long lives. But members of poor Odette's family, especially the women, died in their late forties. Ira's own family members became unbalanced and violent in early middle age and were quietly placed in institutions. Ira sighed. Outside it had stopped snowing but the wind was blowing hard and the temperature was dropping. Ira said he would stay the night. He offered to help Cosmo rescue his car from the ditch the next day. Then, complaining that the tea had given him

heartburn, Ira asked, What's more important than good health? Cosmo looked at Odette. She was sitting near a window and a large moon was sneaking up behind her, turning color from yellow to white as it rapidly rose. Odette was still excited from her fall and couldn't stop laughing. Cosmo thought his wife had never before looked so animated and imperishable. Watching her fondly, he leaned too far back in his chair and it fell over backwards, but he was soon seated again with a dry shirt and another cup of tea. □

F.T.D. * * * FLOWERS *

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public, is that most things get better by themselves. Most things, in fact, are better by morning.

It is conceivable that we might be able to provide good medical care for everyone needing it, in a new system designed to assure equity, provided we can restrain ourselves, or our computers, from designing a system in which 200 million of us are assumed to be in constant peril of failed health every day of our lives. In the same sense that our judicial system presumes us to be innocent until proven guilty, a medical-care system may work best if it starts with a presumption that most people are healthy. Left to themselves, computers may try to do it in the opposite way, taking it as a given that some sort of direct, continual, professional intervention is required all the time, to maintain the health of each citizen, and we will end up spending all our money on nothing but that. Meanwhile, there is a long list of other things to do if we are to change the way we live together, especially in our cities, in time. Social health is another kind of problem, more complex and urgent,

and there will be other bills to pay. □

Written by Lewis Thomas, M.D. of the Department of Pathology, Yale University School of Medicine, New Haven, Connecticut. Reprinted with permission of the author and *New England Journal of Medicine*.

Dr. Lacombe, an internist, is a member of Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group, Norway.



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You don't say

KISS-ME-QUICK THANK-YOU-MA'AM

At the turn of the century, thank-you-ma'ams were an important factor in the building of country roads. There has been a long-lasting and never-settled argument among countrymen as to the original purpose of the humps which northeastern pioneers conscientiously constructed in their dirt roads. One school maintained that they were constructed so that oxen and horses could rest on the upgrades without having to hold the weight of their loads. The other claimed that the ridges were built to carry off eroding water after torrential summer rainstorms. There seems to be no compromise in sight.

A good thank-you-ma'am was not made carelessly. The hill, especially if it had a curve, had to be studied. The ridges had to be placed so that water would be deflected before it had a chance to gain momentum; the mounds had to be near enough together for the horses to have a chance to rest. In those areas where the farmers had the chance of working on the road in spring in return for the cancellation of part of their tax bill, the men prided themselves in building a series of thank-you-ma'ams on a hill—it was a reflection of their ability. No one ever decided whether hard-packed gravel or a clay-and-gravel mixture was really best for building them. It was a matter of individual preference.

Some people insist that the correct name for the hillside humps is "kiss-me-quick." Those of us who ascribe to that name appreciate that there must have been a good reason for the choice. Either way, they are here to stay in our modern, paved rural transportation system. □

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Indoor Activities BOOKS AND OTHER PURSUITS

More than any other month, February is a time for indoor pursuits—raquetball at the Hillsides Racquetball & Health Club, for instance; or bowling at either South Paris' Oxford Hills Lanes or the Pondicherry Lanes in Bridgton. Maybe you're up to nothing more strenuous than curling up by the hearth with a good book.

Readers of Ronald Whitney's article on Zilpha Plummer on page 5) who want to delve further into the era ought to venture out long enough to stop at the Norway Memorial Library to have a look at Whitney's *The World of C. A. Stephens*. I am continually amazed at how many local residents (including at least one teacher of English I know) are entirely unfamiliar with Stephens and his work. This despite the fact that for more than 60 years the name C.A. Stephens appeared more often than any other in the country's most influential family magazine—*The Youth's Companion*.

Published in 1976, Whitney's work was intended to be both a biography of one of America's most beloved storytellers and a guide to Stephens' plentiful books, all of which are now out of print and often hard to find. In addition to penning more than 2500 short stories, 31 full-length books and many articles and pamphlets, Stephens was also a doctor and an accomplished research scientist. His magnificent stone laboratory, which stood on the shores of Norway Lake, attracted thousands of admirers to the area annually during his lifetime.

Whitney, a Methodist minister now living in Springfield, Mass. who was introduced to *Bitter-Sweet* by Ben Tucker III of Oxford, has produced an engaging portrait. The book's informal, almost conversational style—along with its large type—makes it easy to read during a short stop-over. (It may not be taken from the library.) It offers a smattering of pictures, including shots of the laboratory, Stephens' boyhood home on Upton Ridge (a short distance from the place which served as the site of his most popular tales of life on the Old Squire's farm), and "The Old Acorn," home of the Plummers.

S.S.W. □

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Homemade

FROM THE HEART OF FINLAND

by Nancy Marcotte

Whether in Maine or in Finland, food is highly prized among those who recognize the value of provisions in countries with short growing seasons. Canned fruits and vegetables and smoked meats are stored each year on Finnish farms as on other farms around the world.

But when the winter's larder is tapped for preparing a hearty Finnish meal, the main items to augment the stored foods are fresh dairy foods and bread made from the grains which grow in abundance in Finland.

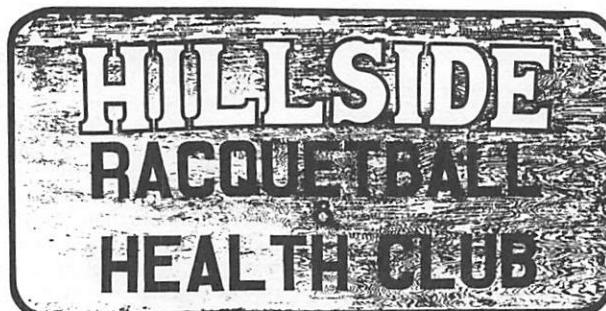
Though western Finnish meals are very Scandinavian with their smorgasbords, and eastern Finnish cooking is more Russian-influenced, the one thing which all have in common is the *leipa*—bread. Along with other old-world customs, delicious bread recipes came across the ocean with our Finnish settlers:

Rye Bread

1 pkg. active dry yeast	1 cup lukewarm plain
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup warm water (105-115°)	or potato water 1 Tbsp. sugar
1 Tbsp. melted butter or margarine	1½ tsp. salt
1½-2 cups all-purpose flour	1½ cups rye flour, rye meal or pumper- nickel rye flour

Dissolve yeast in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup warm water in a large bowl. Mix in potato water, sugar, 1 Tbsp. butter and salt. Beat in rye flour and enough of the all-purpose flour to make an easy-to-handle dough. Turn dough onto heavily floured board and knead until smooth and elastic (about 15 min.). Place in a greased bowl and turn to grease dough. Cover, let rise in a warm place until double (about 1 hr.). Punch down again, turn onto lightly floured board, knead 5 minutes. Shape into a smooth round ball and place in a greased 8" round layer cake pan. Cover, let rise in warm place until double (about 1 hr.).

Heat oven to 375°. Prick entire loaf with a fork and bake until the loaf is light brown and sounds hollow when tapped. (about 1 hr.) Cool on wire rack. Makes one loaf.



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Whole Wheat Bread

2 packages active dry yeast	2 cups milk, scalded,
1/4 cup warm water (110°)	cooled to lukewarm
2 tsp. salt	4 cups whole wheat flour
Melted butter or margarine	

Dissolve yeast in warm water in large bowl. Stir in milk, salt and 2 cups of flour. (Barley flour may be substituted.) Mix in remaining flour gradually and let stand covered for 15 minutes. Divide dough in half. Place on 2 greased baking sheets. With greased fingers, pat dough into circle, 10 inches in diameter and up to 1/2" thick. Cover, let rise in warm place until double, about 1 hr. Heat oven to 375°. Prick entire loaf with fork, bake until light brown (about 1/2 hr.) Brush with butter; serve while warm, cut into wedges.

Whole-Grain Bread

1 pkg. active dry yeast	2 Tbsp. brown sugar
1/4 cup lukewarm water	(optional)
2 cups buttermilk, water	1 cup rye meal or rye flour
1/2 cup wheat germ	
or potato water, heated to lukewarm	2 cups whole wheat flour
1/4 cup melted and cooled butter or salad oil	2-2 1/2 cups white flour
1 1/2 tsp. salt (optional)	

Dissolve the yeast in the 1/4 cup water. Add the buttermilk or water, shortening, salt, sugar (if desired), and wheat germ. Stir until combined; then add rye and whole wheat flours gradually, beating vigorously for 1 minute after adding for the first time. Add enough of the remaining flour to make a stiff dough. Turn onto a floured board and let rest for 15 minutes.

Knead until smooth. Put in a greased bowl and turn once to grease the ball of dough. Cover, let rise for about 2 hours or until doubled in bulk. Shape into 2 loaves and place in greased loaf pans. Let rise again until almost doubled, then bake at 375° for about 45 minutes, or until the bread shrinks from the side of the pan. Brush loaves with butter while hot.

Oatmeal Bread

1 pkg. active dry yeast	3 cups quick-cooking rolled oats
2 tsp. salt	
2 1/4 cups warm water	3-4 cups flour

This is a simple bread recipe. Combine yeast, salt, and water in a bowl, stirring until yeast is dissolved. Add the oats, stir, and let the mixture stand for 30 minutes (when it will be very hard to stir). Slowly stir in enough flour to make a stiff dough. Turn onto a floured board and knead until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and turn to grease the dough. Let rise in a warm place until doubled (about 2 hrs.) Shape into 2 round loaves, place on a buttered baking sheet and prick all over with a fork. Let rise again until doubled. Bake in a 375° oven for about 45 minutes or until golden brown. Brush with butter while hot; cool on wire racks while lightly covered with clean towels. Makes two loaves.

Swiss-style cheeses and homemade dessert and breakfast-type cheeses are the most common additive to a meal featuring homemade bread, warm from the oven. Emmenthaler and Tilsit are the two most commonly available cheeses in the United States that originate in Finland.

Now that Valentine's Day is here, we thought we would include a special Finnish cheesecake recipe. If you make it in a heart-shaped baking pan with a removable bottom, you will have a dessert fit for your heart's delight.

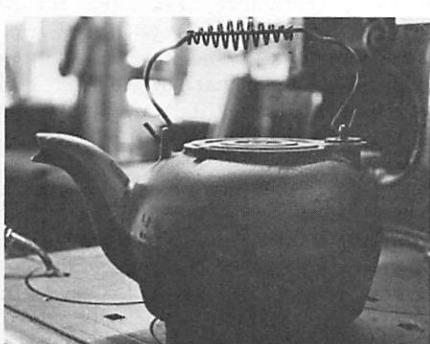
Cheesecake

1 cup all-purpose flour	1 egg, slightly beaten
1 Tbsp. sugar	1 carton (8 oz.) creamed cottage cheese
1/2 tsp. baking powder	
1/4 cup butter or margarine	1/2 cup butter, softened
1/2 cup sugar	3 eggs, slightly beaten
2 tsp. grated lemon peel	1 Tbsp. lemon juice
2 tsp. vanilla	Whipped cream & stemmed cherries

Combine flour, 1 Tbsp. sugar, and baking powder in a small bowl; cut in 1/4 cup butter until crumbly. Mix in egg until a crumbly dough forms. Press dough firmly into bottom of greased 9" layer cake pan with a removable bottom and 1/2" up the sides.

Heat oven to 350°. In a blender, cream cottage cheese until smooth. Beat in 1/2 cup butter. Blend together 1/2 cup sugar, 3 eggs, lemon peel and juice, and vanilla until smooth. Combine with cheese and butter; pour filling into crust. Bake until light brown and filling is set (40-45 min.) Cool on a wire rack. Remove sides of pan, garnish cheesecake with whipped cream and cherries before serving.

When mid-winter guests arrive for a meal at your house, you can greet them with a hearty *tervetuloa* (welcome) whether you come from Finland or not! □





Jay's Journal by Jay Burns

SNOWY FEBRUARY: FACT OR FICTION?

February tests our will to survive. Most New England weather stations record the most snow on the level during the month of February. The reason for more frozen precipitation is the increase in the number of coastal storms ("northeasters") during the month. With vast quantities of moisture making its way farther northward in upper-air winds, these storms have no trouble transporting snow to the hills and lakes region.

At the surface other winds are performing a different function. The northeast airflow at the surface swirls cold air into the region from eastern Canada. This keeps temperatures below freezing at the surface while the moist upper-air winds unload snow at the surface.

A snowy February is what the poor, deprived northeastern skiers really need. But is February truly the "snow month" of Maine winters? I've done some research from my own records that casts some doubt as to whether February really does bombard us with tons of snow each winter.

Beginning in February, 1972, we had an outstanding amount of snow. Thirty-four and three-quarters inches buried the region that year. Since December, January, February and March are the four snowy months, with a total of 109.25 inches for that year, we find that the February snow total was much more than one-fourth of the total snowfall in 1972. So far the legend remains intact.

February of 1973 was a different story, though. Three different times snow fell on the hills and lakes region for a grand total of seven measly inches. Comparing this total to the 1973 yearly total of 99 inches, we find that February came in with only one-fourteenth of the seasonal precipitation.

February of 1974 continued the trend. A paltry nine and one-half inches of snow fell that month. Since the yearly total was only 50 inches, we really can't come down too

hard on February of '74. But again February didn't contain even one-quarter of the yearly snow.

For 1975 we must count April as one of the snowy months also, since 20.5 inches of snow fell in April. Twelve inches of snow fell in February of '75. Dividing the 100 inches of snow that fell that year by five (the number of snowy months) we find that the average monthly snowfall should be 20 inches. The February total of 12 inches does not match that monthly average. February is not a snowy month once again.

There were again four snowy months in the winter of '76-'76, but once again February did not win the crown. It placed a poor fourth in the snow-race, with 14.5 inches, and the 28" in March captured the crown.

February of 1977 made another poor showing. Out of 97.25 inches of snow that winter, only 15.5 inches of it fell in February. January captured the snow crown with 41 inches. February placed last behind March's 16 inches and December's 17 inches. Some snow fell in November and April, too.

February snowfall in 1978 was again well below that of December and January. February made a slightly better showing in the standings, however, beating out March for third place. January barely beat out December for the title with 34.25 inches compared to 34 inches for December.

On one day—February 7th—the month received its total allotment of 15 inches in the Blizzard of '78. That powerhouse storm relieved the eastern seaboard of its energy for a whole month. I didn't record another snowfall (or even another snowflake, for that matter) for the rest of the month.

February of 1979 was blown out of the snow-race by an outstanding and amazing January performance. February finished fourth in the standings with six and a quarter inches of snow, while January logged 54 inches. That's more than eight times the February total, and more than half the seasonal total of 102.5 inches of snow.

Last February did produce a weather phenomenon more deadly than snow, however—an outstanding cold wave lasting ten days from the ninth to the eighteenth. The beginnings of this cold wave first appeared two weeks before when a large "hurricane"-type storm blasted through the area dropping 14 inches of snow. That storm stalled near Nova Scotia and kept us cloudy

with intermittent snow through February 3rd, while strong and gusty northwest winds began to tap frigid polar air.

The storm moved far enough away in February to produce clear skies from the fourth to the sixth, thus ending 12 straight days without sunlight. But the stalled storm still exercised its control over our area: on the seventh and eighth the northwest winds at high levels pushed a potential major storm out to sea south of us.

A strong high-pressure system followed that storm out to sea. The combination of the clockwise winds of the high over the Great Lakes and the unparalleled strength of some counter-clockwise winds from a low-pressure area over Nova Scotia was enough to bring us the historic cold air from the North Pole. The "Cold War" was on.

On the morning of Sunday the eleventh, the temperature was minus 13. Minimums of minus ten and minus nine were recorded on Monday and Tuesday. A reinforcing batch of cold air smothered the region on Wednesday the fifteenth and I recorded a minimum of minus 14 degrees and a maximum of only one degree.

The coldest day of the "Cold War" was Saturday the 17th as the mercury in my Taylor thermometer dropped to minus 14 and struggled to reach zero during the day. All during the week winds howled out of the north and northwest at five to twenty-five miles per hour.

To keep our bathroom pipes from freezing, we installed an emergency electric heater in the stone crawlspace underneath the bathroom. That fan did not stop running for ten straight days and nights.

The difference between this cold and the cold that normally infiltrates the valleys during clear and calm nights is that the cold of February, 1979 was always with us—we felt it during the day as well as during the night. We were completely exposed to the worst weather that winter could offer and there was nowhere to escape. Sub-freezing drafts plagued the insides of our houses. The cold was everywhere and that made it unsettling.

Well, we'd like to believe that anything is better than the snowless early winter we've had. But keep your chin up even if we don't get much snow, and pray that we don't get another "Cold War" either. □

Burns, a junior at Oxford Hills High School, is Waterford's weather observer for WCSH-TV.



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Living With The Sun

by Nancy Marcotte

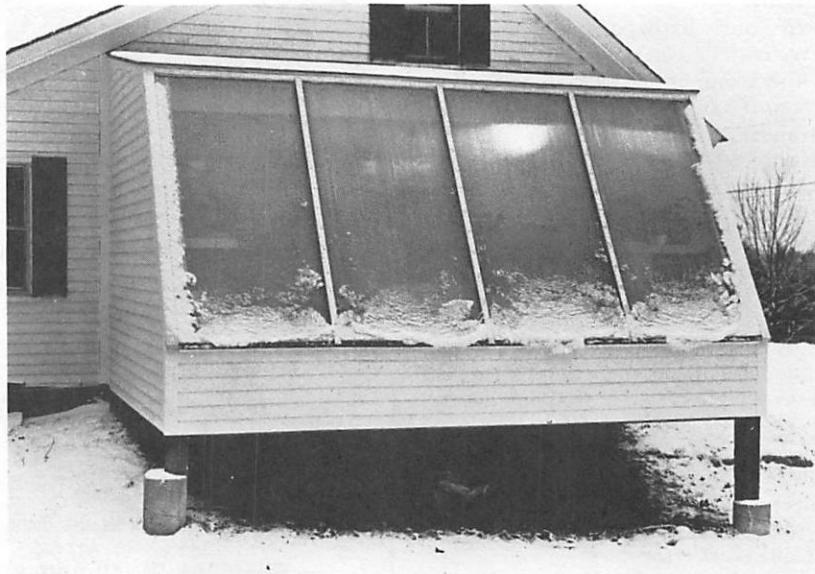
Two years ago the Waldeiers of Waterford added a solar room to their centuries-old house and they haven't stopped singing its praises.

Tony and Carol Waldeier and their two-year old daughter Jessie live in one of the older houses of Waterford. Part-way up Rice Hill sits their traditional white clapboard American farmhouse with piazza, ell and barn attached, its long side facing southeast across the narrow road and the back side snuggled into the shelter of the hill.

Like so many other young couples in Maine, the Waldeiers have adapted their old house to fit their needs and aesthetics. The visitor enters a big, warm kitchen, opened up

from several different small rooms in the ell. It's a friendly room, with lots of natural wood, pretty windows, children's toys, books, and the glow of the ever-present fire in the wood stove.

The rest of the house, the oldest part of which was built in 1799, remains traditional in its architectural state until one reaches the parlor, where the newest addition to the Waldeier house is a complete innovation—an attached room heated by the sun. For the second winter they're enjoying tropical



The solar room addition to the Waldeier's house fits in peacefully with the colonial architecture



Inside, the sunny room is a greenhouse for growing fresh vegetables and plants all winter long

temperatures on sunny days in their solar room, which was finished in November of 1978.

Though the contracted price of the 12x16 room was approximately \$2500, the Waldeiers, who are pleased with its performance, say the cost could be far less if some materials were scrounged or if you built it yourself.

The plans for their room were designed by Doug Taff, discovered in *Horticulture* magazine, and ordered from Garden Way Publishing. It was the best non-conventional plan they'd seen, utilizing as it does a 60° angle for the windows as opposed to the traditional 90° from ground level. This allows the winter sun to enter straight into the room but the higher-angled summer sun will only penetrate about a foot of the space, leaving most of it shady. And the winter sun does enter. On the freezing January day when I visited it, the room was the warmest spot in the house. Carol reported that the temperature had hit 95° that day.

When temperatures go that high, a reverse thermostat like those used to cool chicken houses cuts in and operates a fan which blows the warm air into the rest of the house. A few sticks of wood in the parlor woodstove at bedtime will keep the room above 50° even in the middle of a 10° night.

All that free heat is stored for times when the sun goes down in unique water-filled black barrels lining the walls of the room.

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Originally sonar buoys salvaged from Brunswick Naval Station, the tall and elegant cases inter-lock where they stand. Their dark color absorbs heat and the water lets it out slowly. Tony, who teaches both 4th grade at Waterford Memorial School and economics at the University of Maine, Augusta in Auburn, used a little imagination to fill the barrels with water. He let the autumn rain running off the roof fill them before bringing them inside.

Another chief asset of the greenhouse design is the translucent material used for windows. Called *Acrolite*, it sells for over \$100 a 4x8 sheet, but its ridged surface contains up to 1" of dead air space and that insulation factor makes it well worth the price. According to Carol, even on below-zero nights she can put her hand against the new windows and not feel really cold air, a rare occurrence in most old homes, where walls are insulated only with corn cobs, horsehair plaster and a lot of drafty air. *Acrolite* is also tough enough to withstand ice storms, which glass quite often does not.

Ideally, a window covering would help keep warm air in at night and on cloudy days, and the Waldeiers intend to cover the windows in the future. But even without a covering, the room amazes them with its heat efficiency.

Carol says the house couldn't be in a less advantageous place, because of the shade of some huge primeval pine trees, but that doesn't seem to matter much either. The couple is enthusiastic about the concept of using the sun's heat in a passive system—that is, one which doesn't require complicated mechanical technology, just the simple natural law of solar radiation.

They're willing and eager to talk about it with anyone who's interested enough to contact them. They can tell you about the



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distributors of the plans and materials and the sonar buoys, and will graciously show you around their solar room.

There are possible tax credits for you, too, if you add a room which helps to heat the house. And a bonus which Carol Waldeier especially appreciates is the fact that the sunny room just happens to be perfect for growing things. Carrots, tomatoes and parsley were among the crops sprouting when I was there, and last year the family was enjoying fresh lettuce in March. The efficiency of the room even allows Carol to grow tropical orchids in the atmosphere they prefer. She hopes someday to raise enough to sell, but for now they just blossom for two or three months in her warm new room.

With all the benefits, the Waldeiers believe attached greenhouses could help to heat almost every home in the state. As Tony says, "This room proves all the theories. It does work." □

Salvaged sonar buoy casings filled with water line the walls of the room and collect the heat of the sun



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In response to questions on how to save energy around the home, Hancock Lumber Co. has compiled the following list of tips:

In The Kitchen

Avoid using dishwasher, washer & dryer during peak hours.

Wash & dry only full loads, or use the small load setting when applicable.

Use only the temperature setting needed on washer & dryer. Experiment with cold water washing, using different detergents.

Invest in a drying rack or indoor clothes line. This adds humidity to the air, making the room warmer.

When washing dishes by hand, don't let the water run continually.

Clean light fixtures twice a year.

Set refrigerator dial as low as possible; 38-40 degrees will safely store food.

Avoid using large front burners on stove when small ones will do the job.

Reduce heat on range after boiling point is reached. Use pressure cooker whenever possible.

Don't open the oven door. Use the oven light and window.

Use cold water when running food disposal unit. This saves energy and helps solidify grease so it can be ground up.

In The Bathroom

Take quick showers instead of baths, and install a restricted flow shower head. (For a free water-saver washer to install in shower nozzle, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to CMP Water Saver, Edison Drive, Augusta, Me. 04336.)

If possible, dry hair naturally rather than using hair dryer.

Don't let hot water run continually when shaving.

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In The Living Room and Bedrooms

Consider carpeting for insulating value and comfort.

Install insulated drapes. Close during cold, dark weather and at night; open on sunny days for heat.

If heating electrically, turn down thermostats in unused rooms and keep doors closed.

Turn off lights when leaving rooms. Consider changing from incandescent light bulbs to fluorescent. This could net you a 50% saving on energy for lighting. Consider installing dimmer switches where applicable.

Clean light fixtures annually.

When inactive, sitting and watching t.v. or reading, wear extra sweaters, or get comfortable in an afghan or blanket.

Around The House

Install insulated receptacles and switch covers.

Install an air-tight stove for auxiliary heat.

Turn down thermostat to 60° at night (or lower) and 50° when not at home.

Keep fireplace damper closed when not in use. Install glass doors on fireplace.

When opening windows and doors to air the house, shut off thermostat.

Keep all doors closed between different thermostat settings.

Maintain relative humidity between 40 and 60%. Moist air is more heat-conducting.

Moist air is more heat-conducting.

Remove obstructions from cold air returns or hot air vents.

Clean furnace filters often.

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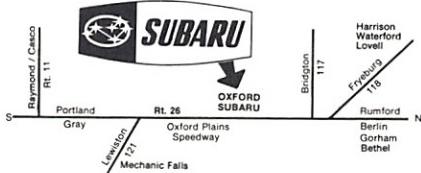


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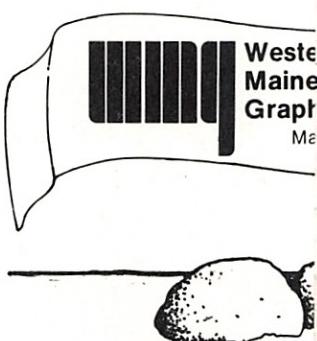
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